Vive la Difference! **for lovers** Exquisite. Wide-Eyed FULL COLOUR

EDDIE

ISSUE 5

$4

HEART DISEASE

Which beats faster... a drummer or YOUR HEART?

—no setting could be more romantic

...and they lived happily ever after

LOVE

When two is company, elegance makes three

Are you good with your hands?

It does everyone good.

EDDIE

VOLUME 2 No. 1

ISSN No. 1038-6009

DEAR LOVER.....

Put your feet up & recline back into your fave armchair & get some down-home lovin' EDDIE style into ya... Weve all had a lotta fun putting this Bitter & twisted love letter together, hope you feel as moved by it as us.

The number of contributions this issue far outweigh any previous issue so maybe its time for us to point out the EDDIE objectives & philosophy (pillow talk). Put simply, Eddie is a platform for anyone who would like to share their deep dark talents with the world. If you have a piece of writing turning yellow in the study or a photograph hot & slippery in your hands and you feel that you just HAVE TO share it with the world then send it our way.

Our eddietorial philosophy is non-judgemental & against censorship so some of the articles may offend some of the people some of the time. However, we are very keen to get material which is as diverse as possible. Decisions about which material is published in any issue are made on a consensus basis given subjective views on quality and how individual pieces fit into the overall context. So if we dont print something you have submitted it doesn't mean it won't appear next issue.

So keep that good stuff flowin' into our mailbox & pass along the word... EDDIES IN LOVE ✶

♥ EDDIE loves Sven Knutsen, Nadi Marilyn Brady, Tina Stevens (kissy huggy kiss) Antonella Francini, John Willsteed, Mandy Pearson, Franky, & Patrick Whitman for all their help, past, present & future xxxxxxxxxxxx

♥ EDDIE is produced by x Eddie Greenaway, Miles Ferguson, Mark Morte, Angela Collins, David Shepherd, Liz O'Neill, Peter Fitzgerald, Roger Norris & Michael Graham x AWOL (absent with our love) are Rachel Moss, Sarah King, & Peter Schwab xxxxx

SEND ALL CONTRIBUTIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISING ENQUIRIES TO EMP (extra ordinary media productions)
P.O. Box 199 Newtown, 2042, Australia.

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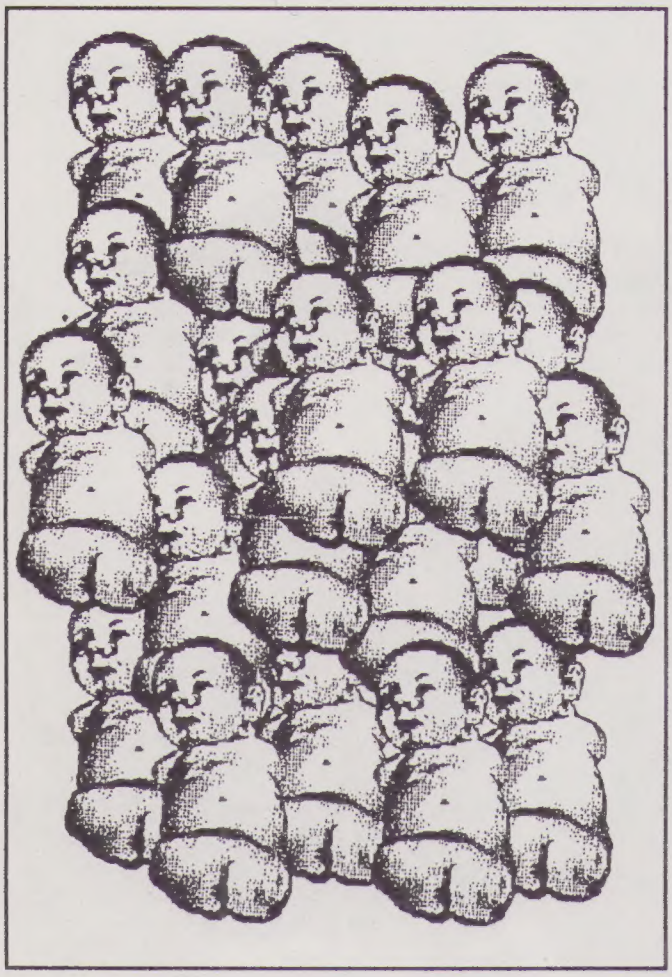
ballad of an embittered soul

or Love: The Truth About The Big Lie

James Scanlon.



Sometimes love is physical but sometimes love seems entirely intangible. When it's intangible it probably isn't even there at all, and the harder you look for it, the less likely it is that you'll find it.

Sometimes love can only be defined in negative terms. When we lose someting, the measure of that loss goes some way towards defining the attachment- now unattached- that had existed. Who can look with indifference into the questioning, dying eyes of ones's pet dog when it's just been run over by a bus?
And who likes to be left, to come home and find her possessions gone, to climb into bed and realise you'll be sleeping alone- every night? Who cares to stand and watch a bulldozer level what had been one's home? Ouch!

Most people only love themselves. They will lie to you and hurt you. You can't trust them and , as everyone realises this, a vicious circle exists. People are untrusting and untrustworth; they keep their love to themselves- that is, what little love they can generate, given the general level of self-regard. Sometimes people make the mistake of being loving and trusting. They get hurt.

Physical love must be regarded with a degree of suspicion and not a little contempt, as it is commonly and widely traded as an item of commerce. But talking on the phone is largely crap, too. People love getting letters. However, most people hate writing letters, and consequently, they refuse to do so.

Love is:

Love is a parent slapping a child.
Love is a clumsy grope in the dark. It's a dark secret. It's dirty, dangerous, deadly. And disappointing. Love is dejection, rejection, desertion.
Love is pain and a broken heart.
Love is nausea and self-hate.
Love is an itch that won't go away.
Love is the blood of Jesus and the love of Jesus in the lion-hearts and lying hearts of the Crusaders as their Christian love in action lays waste to the Infidel, spilling their blood, their loveless blood.
Love is caring. People like to show that they care, and you've got to care a lot to kill. The armies and the prisons are full of lovers. The government offices are full of lovers.
Love is "LOVERS SLAIN. MAN GETS LIFE."
Love is for everyone, yet few have any. Love is free, yet it's costing the Earth.
Love is a pain and it's a painless, pain-killing injection. It's euthenasia. It's a mercy killing.
Love is like a love song. It's trite and banal and goes on and on in your head long after you switch off the radio.
Love is a cold shower.

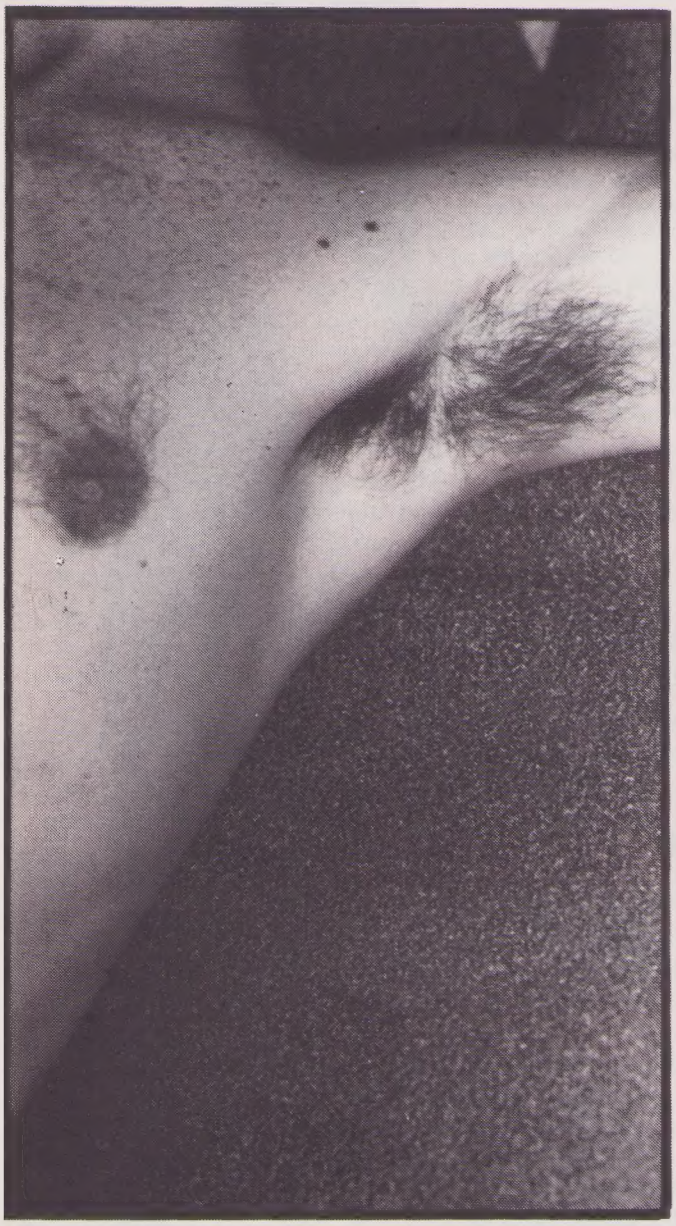
If love is invisible, does it really exist? You can never quite put your fingers on it. If it's gone. Where did it go? Does it amass somewhere above the ether? Can a radio telescope define love as a blob of space plasma pulsating invisibly somewhere in the universe? Can we look up into the sky and finally answer the question Baby. Baby where did our love go? Has our old love that went become a Red Dwarf, a Dark Star or a Black Hole?

Love is a four letter word, an obscenity, an offence, a crime, a perversion, a disease.

In life as in tennis, love means nothing.

a whiff of the wild

Karen Luxford



The room is crowded and steamy. The heady scent of sweat and juices freely flowing. Your nostrils flare....mmm... You can smell him before your eyes even meet. Your pulse begins to race and you're hooked on just one sniff. One part per billion is all it takes. Pheromones. Those elusive chemical messages that are secreted by animals and influence the behaviour of another animal. (hopefully) of the same species. Although known to play an important role in sexual attraction in the insect world, many scientists have claimed that humans have evolved their senses of sight and smell to such an extent that smell has taken a back seat. Not so...

The term "pheromone" was first coined in 1959, and is derived from Ancient Greek literally meaning "to transfer excitement". Pheromones arouse the most primitive part of the brain, the area that controls moods and emotions. These intoxicating scents are secreted by special sweat glands found in the armpit, around the nipple, the anus and the genetalia. In many cases it is the action of bacteria on this human sweat that produces the alluring steroid odours that influence our behaviour.

The ancient art of perfumery, combining alluring scents to form captivating potions, is a well known activity of humans through the centuries. Many perfume ingredients are still the same today, such as the odour of animal musks and oil extracts from plants like sandalwood. Musk is excreted by many animals, such as deer, as a natural aphrodisiac. Before humans learnt to manufacture their own perfume bases, these animals were farmed for their precious scents released from their anal glands. But if pheromones are only supposed to arouse animals of the same species, why do we humans have erotic yearnings for a pungent odour produced by a small Tibetan deer???

Sniffing and probing in sweaty places, a group of British scientists have recently discovered a steroid chemical in human sweat that is chemically similar to animal musk. The molecule also resembles the the male sex hormone testosterone. These scientists claim that the "mood altering" extract may eventually replace modern-day tranquillisers, giving creedence to age old treatments such as aromatherapy. They have formed a company which is now manufacturing a sniff-kit called "Relax". So in the near future when you plug yourself in for a virtual reality sex fix you'll be able to smell the sensation too.

Another group of researchers in California have recently discovered an area in the human nose which reacts to male and female pheromones, resulting in changes to the pulse rate. They are planning to market a range of cosmetics containing human pheromones real soon. A dab here, a dab there and you'll be fighting them off. A walking chemical Valentino.

All steroid like-substances have a distinctive smell, to which, it is claimed, women are a thousand times more sensitive than men. In the 1970s in London, a group of scientists ran around spraying seats in a theatre with an odorous steroid, produced naturally by men in high quantities. As the theatre doors opened they hid, waiting eagerly to see which seats would be selected by whom. Strangely enough, the women were mainly attracted to the sprayed seats.

Research shows that women are also more sensitive to the scents of other animals, and know a pig when they smell one. It's Sunday morning, and a nice, big greasy cooked breakfast is in order to cure that hangover. Bacon is sizzling away in the pan, and then a female member of the house says she can smell a boar. It's not just you that she's talking about. Many women can actually detect the scent of a MALE pig when pork is being cooked.

Not all pheromonal encounters end in erotic bliss either. Remember that person you took an instant dislike to? Apart from the fact that their personality sux, you are probably also experiencing a pheromone clash - or at least that's what some scientists now believe.

So, odorous messages are everywhere (the real meaning behind "Love is in the Air"?), just relax and take a big, long whiff...it can happen to you. As one scientist said earlier this century, "Even the most learned man has to let his nose decide for him in matters of love". Sniff...Sniff....

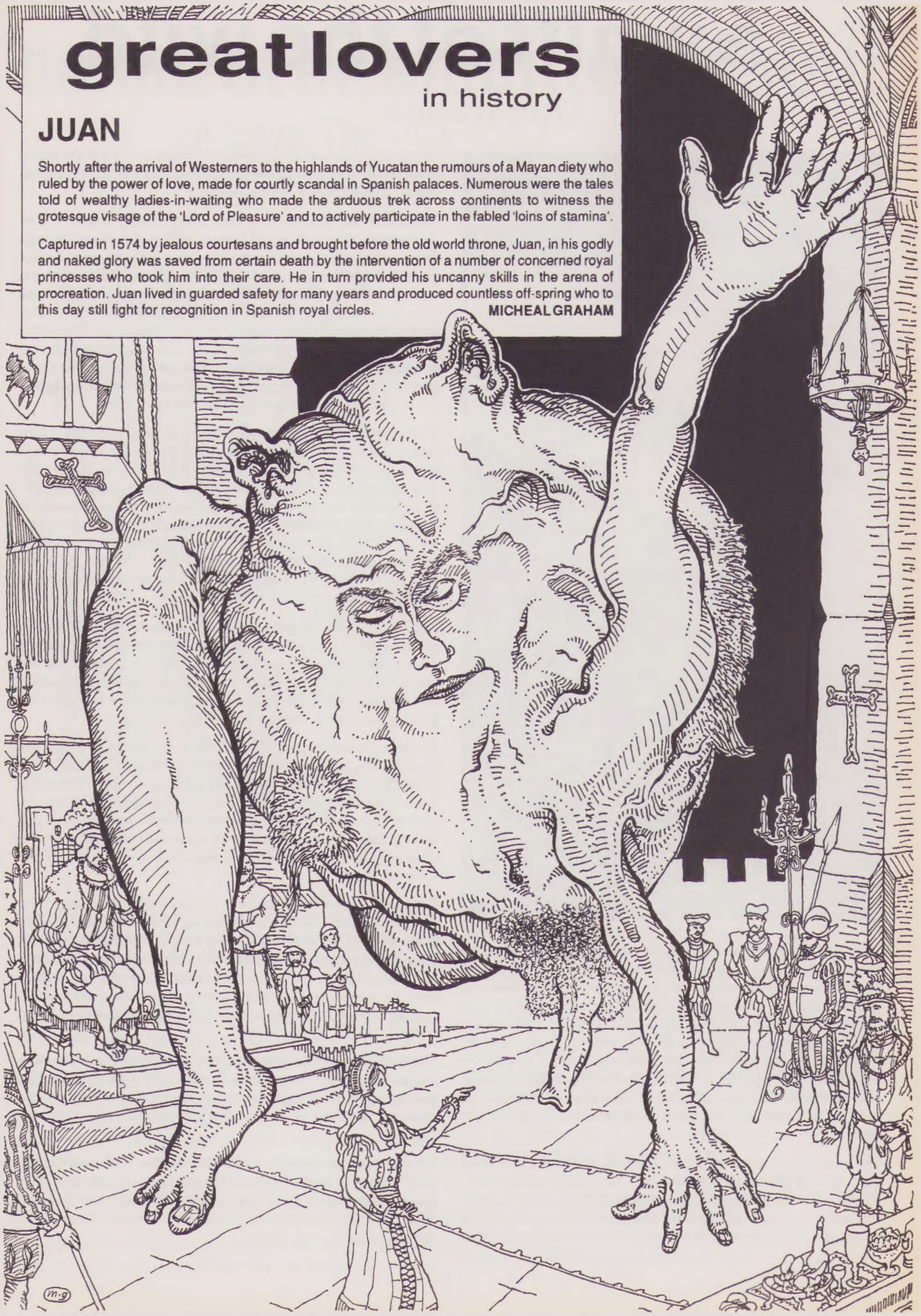
great lovers
in history

JUAN

Shortly after the arrival of Westerners to the highlands of Yucatan the rumours of a Mayan diety who ruled by the power of love, made for courtly scandal in Spanish palaces. Numerous were the tales told of wealthy ladies-in-waiting who made the arduous trek across continents to witness the grotesque visage of the 'Lord of Pleasure' and to actively participate in the fabled 'loins of stamina'.

Captured in 1574 by jealous courtesans and brought before the old world throne, Juan, in his godly and naked glory was saved from certain death by the intervention of a number of concerned royal princesses who took him into their care. He in turn provided his uncanny skills in the arena of procreation. Juan lived in guarded safety for many years and produced countless off-spring who to this day still fight for recognition in Spanish royal circles.

MICHEAL GRAHAM



Love comp WINNER by a K.O.!!!
details pg 70

a workin' class boy

Tom Hearn

Some men are born to be Doctors. Some men are born to be lawyers. Aggie D He was born to fuck women.

That's what Agostine Dimitriousi told himself when he stood in front of the mirror in his bedroom.

Aggie D is eighteen. He is a third year apprentice mechanic. He works at a friend of his dead father's service station and he goes to City Tech on Tuesday nights. He has wiry brown hair that he flattens to his head with brill cream and then hairspray. He does not use a blow drier. He wears expensive suit tops that his mother makes for him. He goes out on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights. He drives a 1977 Torana with 18" fats and has a fluffy dice tied to his rear vision mirror. His car is black. He plays loud music on his eight hundred dollar Alpine stereo with the windows down. Kings Cross is Aggie's haunt. He likes the scene there because there are other people like him. Although Aggie is a loner. He would never let anybody in his car. That would be a jinx. The car is his life. It is his reason for being.

On Wednesday night Aggie D fucked a black girl called Mona. On Friday night he fucked a Westy slag called Sharon. Tonight is Saturday night and he wants to fuck Melissa. Melissa is a gothic queen from Yugoslavia and she wants Aggie D like a baby wants it's milk.

Melissa is older than Aggie D. She hangs around with Robbo. Robbo is a drug dealer at the Cross. He knows alot of cops. Melissa takes drugs. Her hair is long and black and she wears black mascara. She has a tattoo of a spider web on her left shoulder. There is no spider. She looks like a witch. A beautiful witch. Aggie D. likes everything about Melissa. He hopes tonight she will like him. Last week she didn't like him. She talked to Robbo all night. She didn't even notice Aggie.Tonight she'll notice him. Aggie D has a lot of money tonight. His whole life savings. Two grand in his wallet.

He is at home. He is lying in bed. He can hear his mother talking to his younger brother. He is still at school. They talk in Greek and Aggie can just hear them over Jimmy Barnes on his double player cassette deck. For a while he closes his eyes. Today was a hard day. He pulled out and replaced twenty two size eighteen mill hub brake sets, on five cars and a bike, and changed fourteen tyres. He also fitted a double chrome mac exhaust system to his car. His arms feel dislocated from all the lifting.The tips of his fingers throb and in the pores of his skinny hands there is a blackness which could be bruising. Aggie D works very hard. He does not want to shame his dead father.

Now he is wearing stretch black denims. Pointy shoes which are already pinching his big toes. His shirt is black. It is a T-shirt with Jimmy Barnes tour dates on the front. He

takes two condoms from under his mattress and pokes them into his back pocket. He sticks the lumpy wallet down his crotch, forms it, feels it, and smiles. He presses his hair carefully into place. The spray makes his hair shiny. It looks good under light. He turns off the tape, puts it in his bum pocket and turns out the light and walks into the kitchen. He walks with a winner's attitude.

His mother is crying at the table. Her face is swollen. Her hair is brown and greasy, like limp spaghetti in a loose coil spilling down her neck in clumps. She hates her hair. But she would never go out and pay for a decent hair cut. She does not spend money on herself, she never has.

"See you tomorrow", Agostine says to his mother.

His little brother does not look up from his oily soup with peas floating on the top. He is nervous when Agostine goes out like this. He goes out too much. He really should help out more around here. There's a cupboard which needs fixing. Ther's four lightbulbs which need replacing.

Agostine is the only one tall enough to do it. Maybe he will, maybe he wont.

The mother holds a limp hand in the air. She does not lift her head. Agostine kisses the thing hurriedly, like it is a statues hand, something horribly ritualiatic, a chore , a Greek cultural thing, and walks with his heartless young man's attitude out the door and into the solace of the night.

Aggie D has stopped caring for his mother and brother. He has his own life now. He's an individual. He has people to see and places to go. He's an A grade mechanic for God's sake. His mother will mourn for their dead father forever. Aggie is tired of all the grief.

He hears her sob as he walks out onto the Street and hops inside his car and puts Jimmy back on. He adjusts the treble and turns it up. Jimmy screams. Aggie D sings: "You gart the keys to the ciii-ty...Aaaaagie." Aggie D sings the words and he becomes Jimmy. His hair is the same. They have exactly the same hair. And he guns his livelihood down City Road until he gets to the Broadway lights. The fully reconditioned hotted up four cylinder donk tickles his balls as he pumps the accelerator at the red light. He will fuck Melissa tonight. Aggie D was born to fuck women. He smiles at the nervous fat woman in the next lane. She wants it. Aggie D knows women. He runs the stretched palm of his hand smoothly over his shiny mesh of hair and puckers his lips. He wets the corners of his mouth with a fat red tongue and then raises his eyebrows at the woman. The woman laughs at him. She gives him the forks. "Loser!" She yells. Then the light changes and Aggie D is glad he is gone from this fat whore of a woman forever. She was lucky.

He turns into William Street and drives up towards the flashing Coca Cola sign. Smacked out hookers stand under flashing red neon lights. Their pimps in crinkled white suits stand like ghosts in the shadows they are afforded by the girls. Aggie D could be a pimp. He looks out the window, he is cruising now, and keeps an eagle eye out for any vulnerable pussy. He sees the usual drunken chains of people dragging themselves crookedly, singing hopelessly out of control as they stumble up the street. They are not regulars these drunks who come in pack, singing and dancing and fighting. Aggie D. hates them. They are the losers. Packs are for sheep.

This is Kings Cross. Aggie D. winds his window down and turns Jimmy up to eight on the stereo. He rests his left arm on the passenger seat and chirps into Darlinghurst road. Aggie D. feels like 240 volts of A.C. electricity is travelling through him. He feels more than alive. He was born to fuck women. He turns the music up. His whole body vibrates. Aggie D's music is louder than a metal compressor at a car dump. He is at one with this place he is totally blended.

He turns into Bayswater and parks and stops his car, He lets the song finish. The words are: "yoooou gaart whaaart it takes."

The engine ticks now as he takes the suit jacket from the back seat and stands looking at himself in the rear mirror. He runs a hand across his hair. It is almost smooth. He feels the lump his wallet makes in his crotch.It makes for a decent packet. He turns the collar up on his jacket, gathers his small triangular shoulders into a flat aquiline saddle, the shoulder pads are almost neat and discreet like he wanted them, and he walks like a hunter into the busy, noisy night.

At home Mrs Dimitriousi is sitting in the kitchen. She is still sobbing and silver tears roll down her olive brown face and plop like dead fish into her tea. She is alone . The little boy stays in the T.V. room pretending to watch Star Wars 3. But he does not listen. He stares blankly, thinking what eight year old boys think. He has seen it nine times. He is bored and angry at his big brother. He feels sorry for his mother but what can he do. He is only a boy. He still has no hairs on his dick.

He fidgets around on the floor but cannot get comfortable. He can never get comfortable. He picks his noseand frowns at what he has discovered. The corduroy beanbag desperately needs new beans.

11 a.m....

Aggie D. has drunk a lot. The policeman stands peering into the black velvet interior of his car. Aggie feels humiliated . The cop has a torch and he is searching with thebright beam for anything suspicious. Melissa lies in the back, red with shame, wearing only her lacy black knickers. Aggie D's eyes pierce the steel robot eyes of the policeman. But he does not look at the young man. He is a big man and Aggie can hear him breathe and he can see his thick hairy moustache as he looks and looks for something funny. He is waiting , he is not looking.

His fingers are itching for a 'resisting arrest'. He wants Aggie to crack so he can throw him against the car and snap him if the need arises.

Aggie D is parked on the hill at the southern end of Coogee. Below the bubbling ocean crashes into the baked white cliffs. There is salt in the air, it hangs in rows of giant opaque curtains which sweep across the stage like thick velvet waves. This is Aggie D's spot. The humping hill.There is too much light though. The moon is like a stringy spotlight and it's beam is scared of nothing, it shows all.

Aggie Dhas his hand over his naked crotch. Melissa has begun to dress. She is ashamed. She regrets ever knowing this dweed with the suit top. He is a gutless loser. Robbo would have taken this cop. But not this one. He is a geek.

She looks out the window and smiles up at the big hairy man in uniform.

He has never been in trouble with the police before. He is a good Greek boy.

Aggie tries to smile at her when she looks over at him, but his lips tremble. He is scared of what his mother will think.

Finally the cop says he will drive them home. He does not want Aggie D to drive. His car is grounded. He has the keys in his pocket.

For a while he humiliates Aggie D by making him stand in the nude, outside the fucking car. It is cold. The moon makes him white and puny and Melissa can see the tiny red pimples on his arse as she slides into the front seat of the police car.

All Aggie D can think of is his Mumma. He shoud not have let this girl into his car. Nobody will sit in my car. Nobody will touch my car. Aggie D feels used and burnt and embarrased. The cold makes his dick tiny like a cocktail prawn curled up between two tooth picks which are his skinny legs.

Midnight...

The cop has drunk a lot of Aggie D's vodka. He says he wants to fuck Melissa. He touches Aggie D's car with his fingers and sits on it. Melissa sits beside him. They talk like they know each other. Robbo this, Robbo that. Money? It is like a triangle. Like a bizarre love triangle. Three points in a triangle, Aggie D surmises. He swallows a dry lump of something when he realises that Robbo is the other star in the triangle. There is a triangle and Aggie D is caught in it. If you drew a line from one star to the next, you'd have to go north east to get to Robbo, there would be a triangle alright and Aggie D. would be caught right in the middle of it.

There is no spider. Aggie D thinks. She is the spider.

One a.m....

Aggie D is still a naked hostage. The cop has found his money. Agostine Dimitriousi contemplates suicide. The triangle is getting smaller, the points are closing in.

Two a.am....

The cop fucks Melissa in the moonlight on the bonnet of Aggie D's car- in front of Agostine Dimitriousi. Yes she is a spider.

Three...

Agostine Dimitriousi's eyes change. His expression is cold and hard. His dick is hard. He runs his hand smoothly over his ruffled hair. After all this it is still the same. The cop is playing Aggie D's tape. Jimmy Barnes sings. His voice is like a sedative. It makes Aggie D think.

He looks over his shoulder again, down to the girl spread wide on his car. He know's the cop'll turn too. He's so stupid this man. Aggie D smiles. Jimmy B can read him like a book.

Then it happens. The cop turns his back on Aggie D to kiss the girl. His first and last mistake. It all happens in slow motion.

Aggie D goes for the cop. The big man turns to face his aggressor and withdraws a gun. That's as far as it'll go.

He pushes Aggie against the side of the car. He is still naked. Melissa giggles and takes a drink from the bottle. The cop throws Aggie's clothes into the car, locks all the doors and puts the keys in his top pocket.

"Come down to the station and pick up your keys tomorrow. You're lucky I haven't taken you in. Silly bastard!"

"What about my clothes", Aggie D says hopefully.

"This is a jungle boy, you don't need clothes."

Melissa giggles again. His dick is so small.

Then the two of them hop inside the police car and drive off.

Agostine watches then red tail lights of the car disappear around the bay. Shame is all he can think of. It comes in a horrible achy feeling in his stomach. So he crouches into a naked ball and slides like a sick cat beneath his car. He must hide himself from the world.

All his worst fears are present now. Imagine being caught in the middle of the city in the nude. Aggie's said that.

Aggie's dreamed it. It's his worst fuckin' nightmare. Everybody thinks he's got a big dick. Aggie's told nearly everyody he knows. "Shit" ,he says out loud.

He waits. He listens. An hour might have passed. A year? Centuries? A dog comes and sniffs and pisses on one of his fats.

Beneath the car now he hears in his wounded soul the voice of Jimmy Barnes singing Workin class boy. But the voice is distant, as if somebody else was pllaying it and he was listening in. Like anout sider, or a neighbour. So Agostine says the words. He does not sing them. The grass is cold and his voice shakes almost uncontrollably. But he says the words over and over.

"Woh ohh oh", he says, "I'm a workin' class boy"

"Woh ohh oh yeah, I'm a workin' class boy"

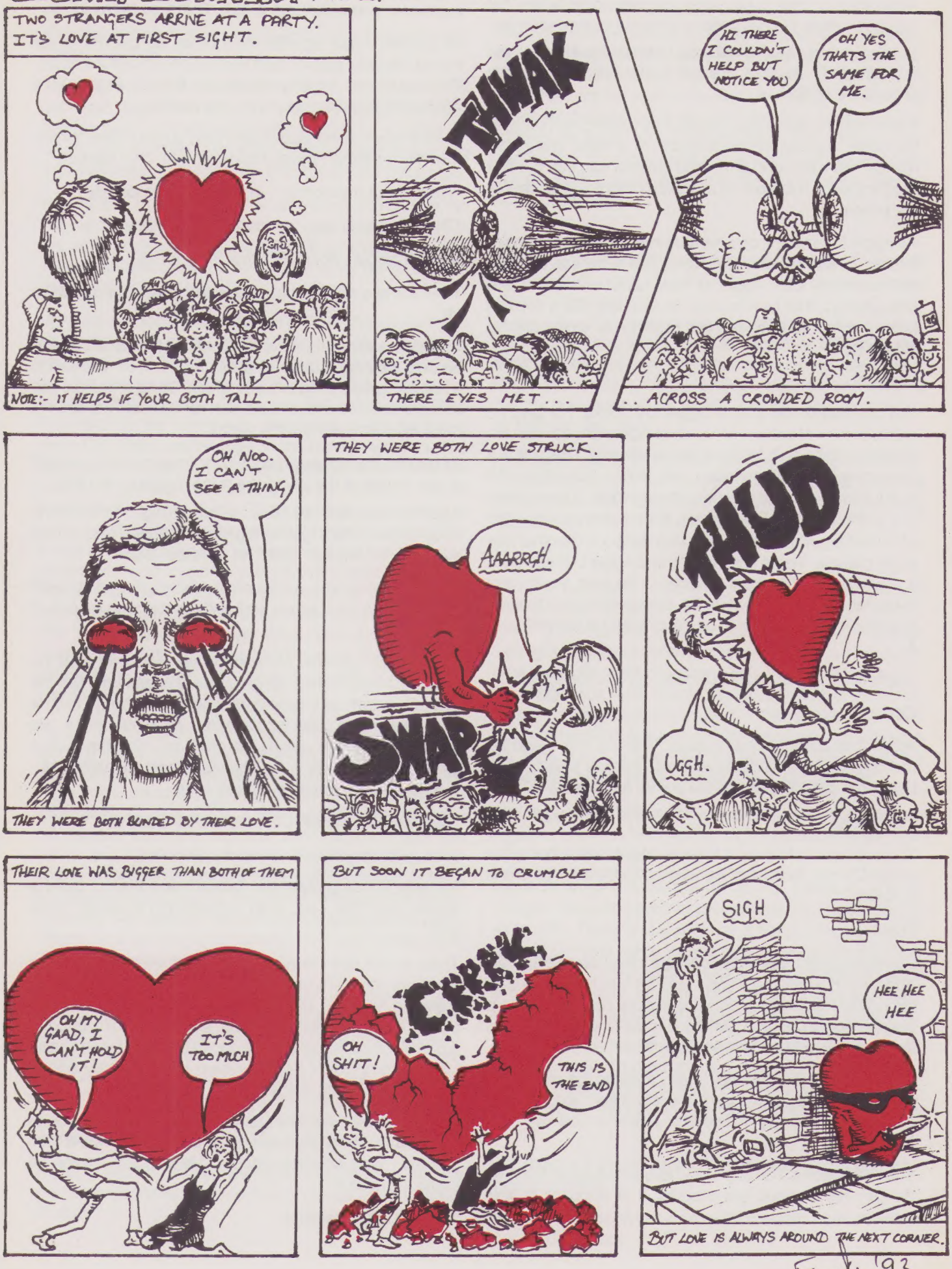
His tone is compassionles, iambic, and then..." build a shelter from the rain...woh ohh ohh I'm a workin' class boy."

There is rain now. Miserable cold rain. And suddenly the words to Aggie D's favourite song take on a horrible new meaning.Agostine Dimitriousi is not Jimmy B. He's the workin' class boy. He's a listener, a disgruntled neighbour, a part of the pack, just a link in one of those drunken chains , or an insignificant head bobbing in the sweaty sea of people at a Jimmy concert....

Agostine Dimitriousi looks up at the chassis of his car, and in particular the bottle neck bulge of his new double mac chrome twin exhaust system. Maybe, just maybe he could fit inside it.

The rain falls relentless.

CORNY CORNER. PART 1. THE TRIALS OF LOVE.


TWO STRANGERS ARRIVE AT A PARTY. IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.
NOTE:- IT HELPS IF YOUR BOTH TALL.
THWAK
THERE EYES MET...
HI THERE I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE YOU
OH YES THATS THE SAME FOR ME.
..ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM.
OH NOO. I CAN'T SEE A THING
THEY WERE BOTH BLINDED BY THEIR LOVE.
THEY WERE BOTH LOVE STRUCK.
AAARRGH.
SWAP
THUD
UGGH.
THEIR LOVE WAS BIGGER THAN BOTH OF THEM
OH MY GAAD, I CAN'T HOLD IT!
IT'S TOO MUCH
BUT SOON IT BEGAN TO CRUMBLE
CRRK
OH SHIT!
THIS IS THE END
SIGH
HEE HEE HEE
BUT LOVE IS ALWAYS AROUND THE NEXT CORNER.

Franky '93

yo~ are you a university student?

~do you think that the COOP bookshop only caters for your academic needs?

Well, guess again, bright boy..!!

hmm... it says here that the Coop bookshop has "a HUGE range of philosophy, history, sociology, new fiction, etc..." ..thats pretty smart!!

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love lessons

Therese Davis

(1)
On cracker night
the sky was burning
with rainbow-coloured sulphur
but all eyes were fixed on my mother
dancing
under coloured party lights.
She was the catherine wheel
mad, they said-
she's got no right to be a mother.

Her pockets full
with tiny tom thumbs
my mother had them jumping.
The unpredictable one
the explosive wife they called
uncontrollable
they locked her away
they said, she's gone forever.
Two years later
my mum was back
doing the twist
in a hot pink-mini dress.

(2)
My mother was twenty three
and i was just turned seven.
She flicked her fingers
through her new-blonde hair
a newly learned gesture
of womanhood
and fuck them, she said-
they shaved my head
nits, they said
they smashed my face against a mirror.

My mother paused
and then she whispered
Girl I'll show you
something to remember.
Promise not to tell your nana.
And my mother
hitched her skirt
so i could see
her lovers name
carved in red
on the white inside of her leg.
It fucking killed, she said.

(3)
Dragging on her cigarette
my mother blew smoke rings in the air.
Little promises, she said
as we watched them disappear.
My mother
was clutching her cigarette
between the letter l
and a faint blue o.
My mother always held her cigarette
in the hand that spelt love.
Love was easy, she bragged
but i was not convinced.
As i traced my finger
along the crooked blue letters
I noticed
my mother could not stop her hand from shaking.

SHE WAS A GODDESS OF THE SILVER SCREEN
THEY WERE THREE STREET WISE GUYS LOOKING FOR NOTHING BUT TROUBLE
TOGETHER
THEY CREATED AN EMPIRE THAT SPANNED THREE CONTINENTS AND THEN SOME WHILE
THE WORLD WATCHED ONE OF THE GREATEST LOVE STORIES OF ALL TIME UNFURL BEFORE IT LIKE THE NEW FIDDLE ON A MAIDEN HAIR FERN ...
INTRODUCING DORIS DIGGIT AS ME
WITH ANDREW WILSON AS NELLIE, PHIL MAJOR AS RABBY AND DAFFY DIGNUM AS DUCKY
THE LIFE, THE RABBY, AND MY DUCKY
WHAT A TOTAL SMASHER! IF THIS AIN'T AN AWESOME HIT I'LL EAT ME BUM TRUE!!
O DEM! CRITICS
SAM BAITERSBY © 1993

A PAUSE FOR PANGS OF UNREQUITED LUST~

G Ashworth '93.

YOU ASKED ME WHY I PRODUCE SO MUCH, AND I SAID IT'S BECAUSE I DON'T GET OUT···
AND THEN YOU ASKED, DON'T YOU EVER GET LONELY? AND I SAID GET TO THE POINT~
AND YOU REPLIED···· DON'T YOU EVER WANT TO FUCK?
AND I SAID "I LIKE THE WORD TOO MUCH TO MUDDY IT WITH SOME RELATIONSHIP~
KK·
AND BESIDES~
KKKK~ KKKK~KK
KKKKKKKK
KKKKKKKK
SPUNG!!
I CAN HANDLE IT·
NEXT THING YOU'LL BE SAYING "GET A LIFE?
I ALREADY HAVE ONE· IT'S IN A JAR ON MY DESK··

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8
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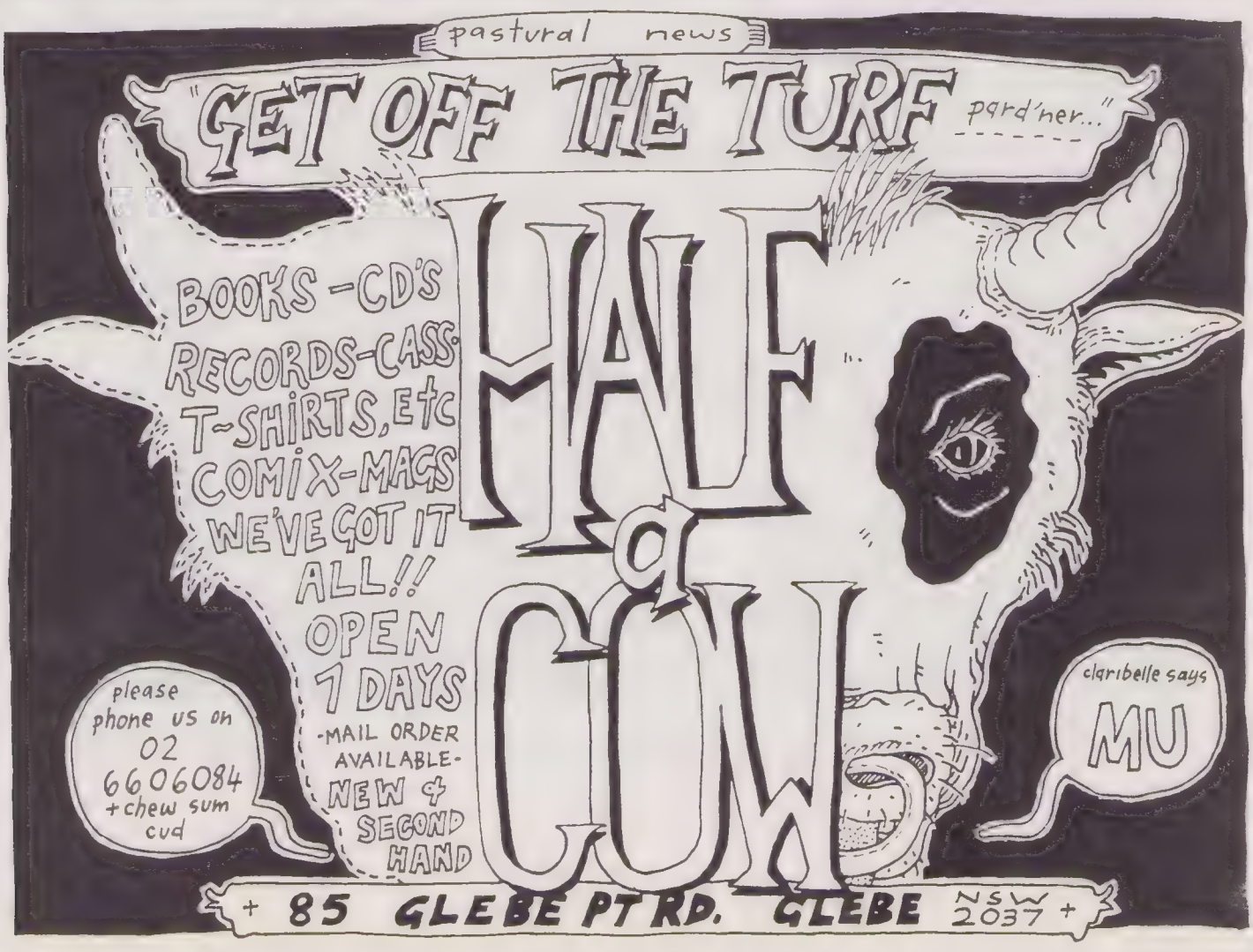

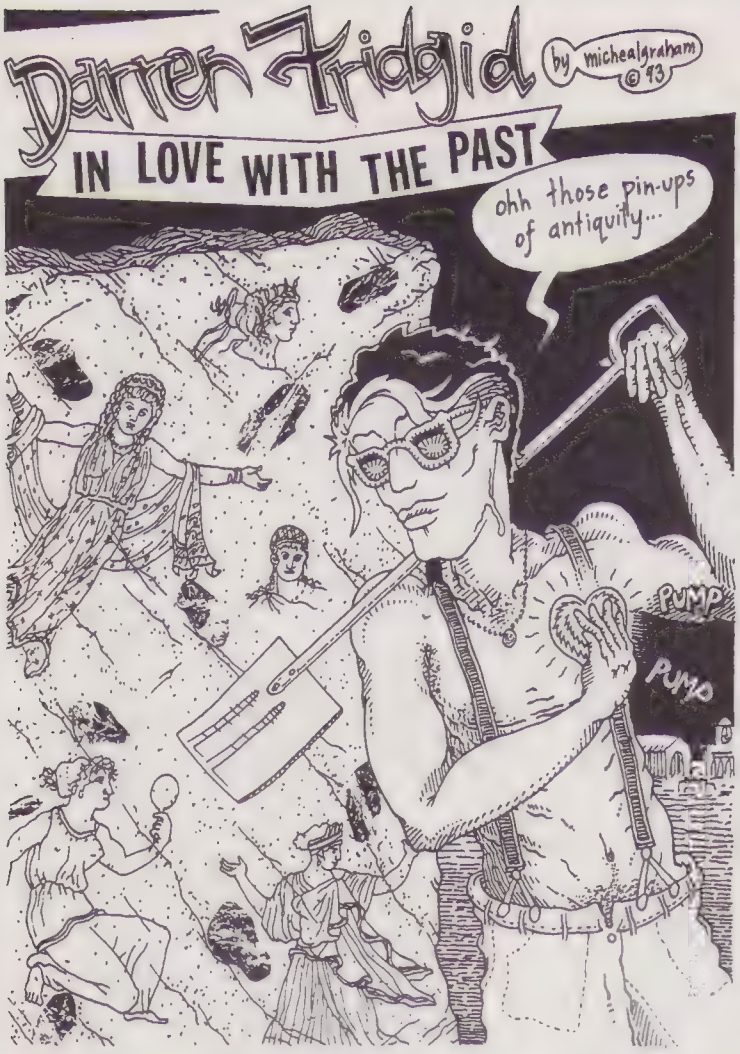
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ohh those pin-ups of antiquity...
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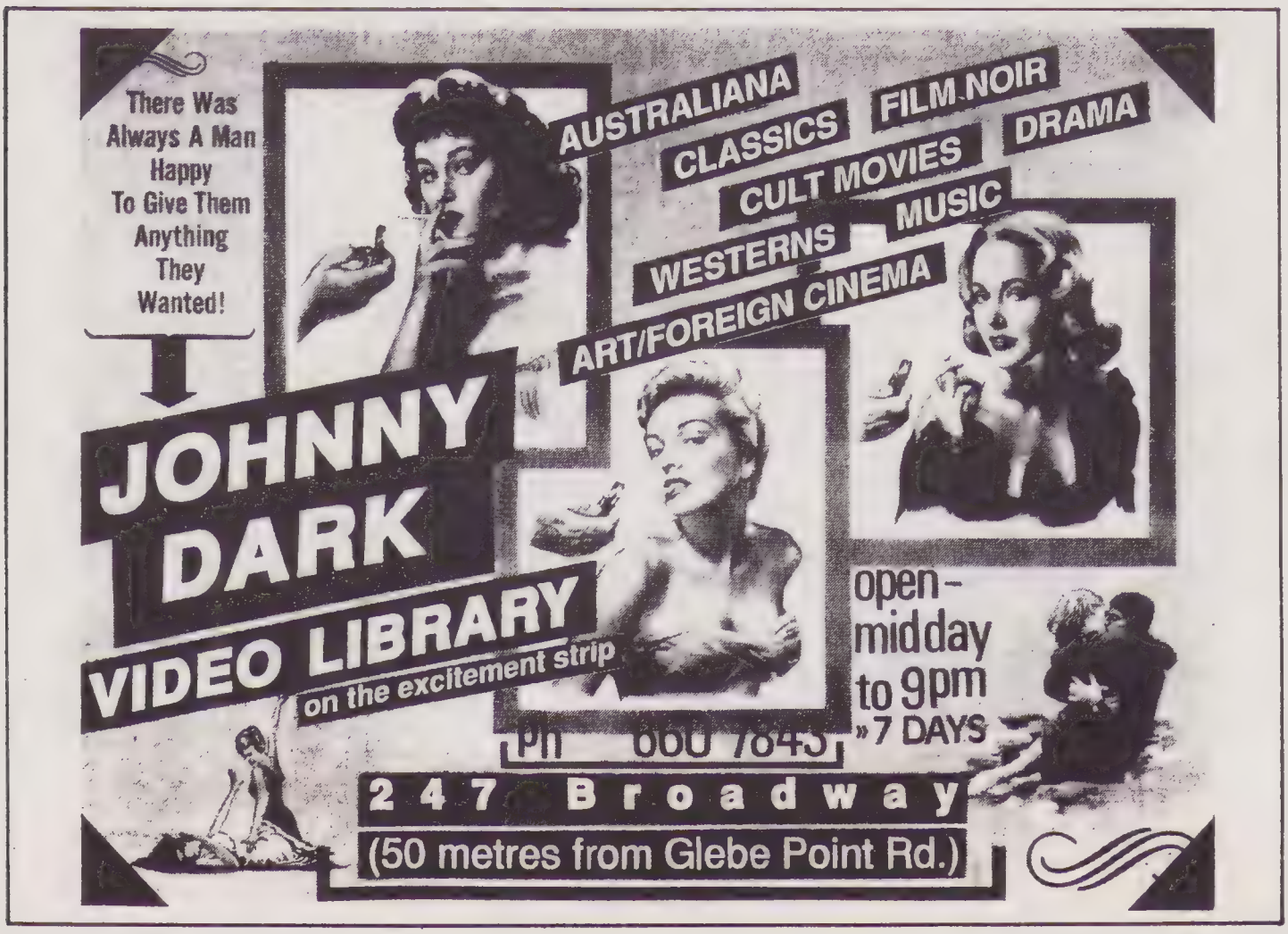
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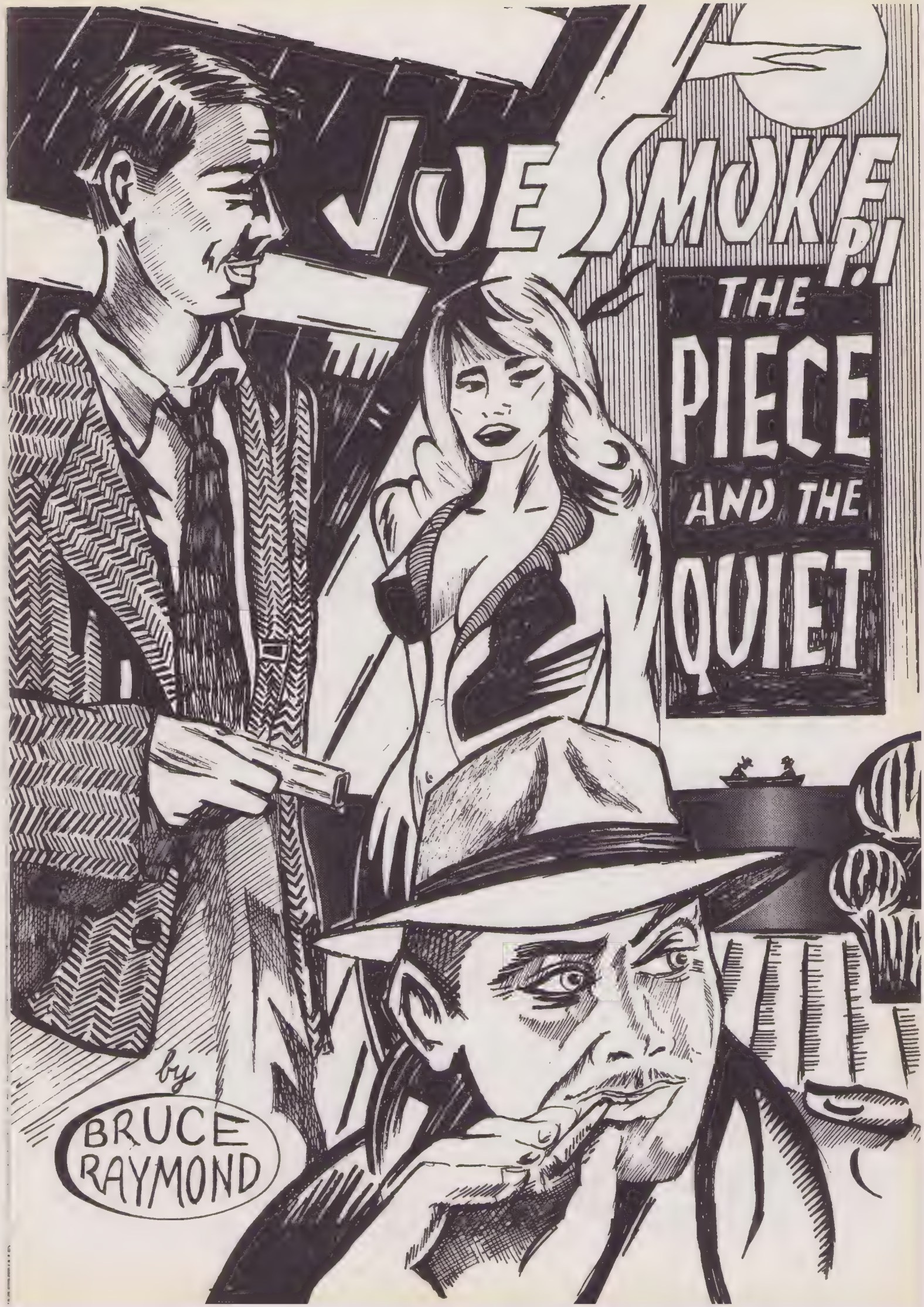

JOE SMOKE P.I
THE PIECE AND THE QUIET
by
BRUCE RAYMOND

JOE

Smoke's street level door looked like he stole it off a public toilet.

The obscenities. The gap at the bottom. The gateway to Joe's world of violence and madness. Joe was coming out when he heard the scream.

Joe Swung around, reaching under his jacket, and saw the girl. She was working towards him across the slippery four-lane, pushing at a 20-knot headwind in three-inch spikes and a spray-on dress. Shouting now, "You gonna stand there?"

Joe kept his hand warm under the jacket, he looked past her- across Ultimo Rd.- but didn't see anything he could argue needed dropping in its tracks. A greasy spoon over there, closed, the Chinks turning in early on a Monday night.

She stopped in front of Joe, panting, black hair stuck to her face from the drizzle. She said, "You gotta help me" looked behind her.

Joe said, "Why?"

"Why?" she said. "Shit!" Not believing the casual attitude this guy had.

Joe glommed the deal. She'd spent some time putting it together. Apart from her hair being a wreck, she was fixed like she'd been hired for serious money to drip over some junk that could use the help. Joe didn't know if he ought to buy or not. Or if he had a choice.

He said, "It's your story. We got to Why?"

"I was attacked" Giving it to him straight. There you like to be cool, give that a a workout. She said, "The sick fuck."

Joe was looking up and down the street. Empty. "When?"

"Now. Earlier. Back in my apartment." She leaned against him lightly, checked herself. "I'm sorry."

Joe said, "Attacked."

"Damn near."

Joe let the technicality slide. He said, "You want to see a cop?"

"No." The idea of it seemed to baffle her. If she'd wanted a cop she'd have got one in the first place. Then : "What's the point?

"They catch eight percent."

"Sure." No sale. But she lightened up, made him a thanks anyway smile, saying, "No it's alright. Jesus!- getting cigarettes out of her handbag- "I thought the creep was gonna kill me. Got some fire?"

Joe lit her with his chrome Ronson Whirlwind Imperial, shook his head at a Marlboro Lite. He said, "You want, I could take a look around. Just in case."

"Well, if you're sure...Thank you. "She walked a short distance on her own, pointed down Ultimo Rd., saying, "I'm not far.." She turned around. Joe back there watching her. She said, "I'm sorry, do you have to be anywhere?"

Joe said only about a hundred places. Clients must think there's ten of him.

He caught up, said, "Lotta times these yo-yos bring a weapon. A knife, otherwise they have no technique."

"Yeah", - looking along her shoulder at him: good point- "he said he had a Walther P15 automatic and a Smith & Wesson Chief for backup."

Joe lighted a Senior Service while stacking that bulletin against the flash of stocking tops he got when her legs pushed the front of her dress open.

He said, "No shit."

She took his arm and guided him out onto the four-lane- the rain bouncing off it now- saying, "I'm parked over here."

Joe stopped in the middle of the road. "Clear up a detail", he said. "You tell me you lived along here?"

"I meant I parked the car here." Jesus, details! Grabbing at the elbow of his jacket now, impatient. Standing there in the fucking rain discussing details. She said, "I live up the road. Alright? Or do I have to get attacked in a hundred yard radius?"

Joe said, "The freak attacks you so you take the wheels out, go cruising. It's such a wet night. You find a place to park- middle of the crime belt, traditional rape area, lotta recorded history- you run up the street screaming blue murder, hoping you won't run down a cop." Not saying it wasn't possible. "You luck onto me, who happens to be a P.I."

"Did you ever get raped?"

Joe followed her over to the car. It was a silver Saab, last year's. She pressed the keys into his palm, said, "You drive. My nerves are shot." Going to wait by the passenger door.

Joe dropped his cigarette on the road, saw it go out, unlocked his door. When he'd let her in, he said, "Where?"

"Drive north she said. "Brooklyn."

Joe looked at her.

She said, "It's fantastic up there. Peace and quiet." Like she was sick of telling everybody how nice Brooklyn was.

"Lady, Brooklyn is a journey."

"I know." She opened the wallet in her handbag and peeled off five C-notes. She said, "I'm hiring you." Offering it without looking at him.

Joe stuck the money in his jacket. Hired. He said, "You drove from Brooklyn to Ultimo, nerves shot. What'd that take?"

"Two hours? Maybe longer." Her expression making it clear he was asking some stupid questions, the state she was in. "The road was wet. Including the boat ride, I don't know...The fuck's it matter?"

"The boat ride would make it longer." Joe returning the five hundred.

She said, "Keep it you're hired. The decorated blue steel Renato Gamba Trident .38 Special in her hand. Her bag snapping shut.

Joe said, "I never rowed a boat."

"If you're a good boy, you won't have to. "Her shot nerves mended. The .38 was steady, aimed at the side of Joe's head. She said, "We're still here."

Joe lighted a Senior Service. "What's your name?"

"Molly."

Joe said, "Now's a good time, Molly." Turning the ignition.

She was quiet till they were over the bridge. Then: "Did you ever hear of Jock Croker?"

"Jock Croker, yeah. The party guy. Famous for his work

with cocaine and stiffing the competition. Mr. Freeze."

Molly said, "I ripped him off."

"You should give it back and say you're sorry. By air mail."

She said, "I'm going to sell it back to him. For half of what he can get for it." Apparently that was it. The plan. Joe bet she had a nice smirk working in the dark. Going big time. She was saying, He'll be grateful I let him break even. It's a reasonable offer. Worth his time."

"How reasonable?"

"I said a hundred thousand cash or I'd go someplace else. Molly warming to it. The mischief in her voice. She said, "He's paid that much for it already, see, wholesale, so he'd be a dumb shit not to take my offer. He gets to break even. It's good business."

"Yeah."

"His only other road is a dead end. Zero. Blow the lot."

Joe said, "You rang him up, like that. Mr. Freeze. With your nice offer."

"No," she said, "I chose the moment very carefully." She took a cigarette from the pack. " I gave him some free fun." Joe reached across and lit her. "As soon as he was ready to shoot his load- about three minutes that was, you like to know how long everything takes- I stopped. Then I brought up the price. A hundred grand jerkoff!" She laughed. Memories.

Joe said, "That's expensive."

"Not to me it aint. We've been married a year."

"Jesus." It was a domestic. Death. "What'd he say?, you hit him with it."

"He said, Yeah, he'd pay it." She flicked her cigarette out the window. I felt sorry for the little geek and finished blowing him."

BROOKLYN

The 15 minute boatride.

A boatshed.

Molly said, "My place."

She led him off the jetty, up a sandstone path beside the boatshed. They stopped at the door, Molly took the torch off its hook. She handed it to him, saying, "You go first, take a look around."

Joe drew his .38 Chief Special, went in. The shout: Jesus!"

Molly came in.

Joe shone the torch on her face, said, "You got a guy dead in here." He dropped the beam to the floor, near his feet. Leaking blood over the rug was a guy, five-ten, twenty-something, on his back.

Molly said, "Who is it?" She hadn't come all the way over yet.

"I seen all Mickey Rock's movies," said Joe. "It aint him."

"Are you sure he's dead?"

Joe knelt, directed some light around the guy's head. Not a bad looking stiff, delicate lines. Went out looking sharp. He's made time to get a hair salon, tred on something sensational for his big day. Only he'd gone and got his brains all through it. The pretty haircut. A bullet straight through the blow-wave. A permanent. Dumped right on the image.

The lips had turned purple, the top one curled. Like he saw it coming. There was vomit down the front of his t-shirt. Asian cuisine. Two dishes for five bucks. The fried rice. Other shit Joe looked at.

Joe shone the torch along both thin arms, picked one up for a moment, dropped it and touched the cheek. He backed off.

Molly said, "How long?"

Joe figured she'd have a passing interest in that. "Hours," he said. "Four of Five, maybe more." He stood up. " My mail-order Doctor's diploma qualifies me to say the fucker aint gonna get up." Looking at her."What's your guess?"

She hesitated. "He was alive when I left"

"Did he confirm that? Make a sign?" The white face staring up at them Joe wanted to kick the expression off.

"No!"

"Recall if he had a name?"

"It's Maurie," she said. She stuck a cigarette in her mouth, lit it hersel, waving off the Ronson. Not wanting any favours if all he could do was interrogate her. "I've known him for years. He moved drugs for my husband till he became...unreliable. He rang me yesterday, needed money. He does that."

"You mean Maurie was a nuisance."

" A pain in the butt, yeah. But it was small amounts." She paused, checking on Maurie, if he was going to be a nuisance. "Anyway, yesterday I told him, sure, to come over, it happened that there was something he could help me with." Turning away. "That bastard shot him."

"How long's he been a junkie?"

End of scene. Molly was walking to the door, saying I'm going up the track to turn on the generator. We can have some light. Then I'll fix us a drink."

"Won't that be cosy?" Saying it to Maurie.

****

When Molly got back, she hit the light switch and found Joe spread thick on the sectional sofa up the river end. He was watching the rain crash against the glass doors there. Maurie and his blood and brains on the rug in the middle of the floor. The nuisance.

She said, "the water never comes any higher."

Just the same, Joe wasn't wild about it. Outside, the river was lapping at the sandstone bricks. Step out the sliding doors, you'd drown. Not Joe's idea of a backyard. he got up and drew the curtain across. Keep it out.

Molly was fixing drinks at the bar.

Joe taking in the boatshed. He said, "you did a job on this joint." It was a long time since it hads a boat in it.

The A-frame, the high-loft at each end. The loft at the river end was the boudoir. The double brass bed. A Victorian dresser. Paintings of nude women up there. Joe watched her carry the drinks over. He turned over a book on the coffee table. A Louis L'Amour western, The Mountain Valley War. He wondered if he was keeping her from it, said, "When do we expect him?"

"I set it up for tomorrow, but he does his hardest to be difficult."You want ice?"

Joe said he didn't. "How come you got ice, you gotta turn on a generator every time you come home?"

"The refrigerator runs on gas." Leaving his glass on the coffee table. "I don't think he'll be back tonight, though, he's got apartments in the city. Doesn't like it here at night, thinks it's creepy. "Cheers."

Joe swallowed half, felt warmer. He made room for her on the sectional.

She sid, "after we've thawed, I'll make a few lines. From my personal bag." She sipped the whisky. "It's not like I'd dare use his." Being bitchy.

Joe said, any chance you keep aspirins?"

Later, when Molly came back from the bathroom, she was naked. She'd brought enough cocaine to save having to get up all the time.

****

Joe remembered he was in the loft. He was on his side, looking straight out the window. The sky was a purple-grey, the rain had steadied. There was a heavy mist low over the river. he rubbed his eyes, they felt raw. he figured he couldn't have slept more than three hours. The jetty out there, the boat. Boats. There was a runabout tied there he hadn't noticed last night. A couple of bigger tubs further out, cruising the oyster farms.

Except for the light rain, some wind, it was quiet. Joe was thinking it was a fast way to go nuts. Anybody who liked it this quiet, liked to hear the plants and shit grow, ought to check into the fucking farm. Get it over with. You woke up late in the smog to a headful of sirens, alarms and burning tyres, it meant they hadn't stuck you yet. Your brain developed. It was on a permanent red alert.

Too quiet.

Joe got to work on a cigarette, shifted onto his back, taking care not to wake Molly. He watched her face, not thinking anything deep.

His gaze moved to the end of the mattress-Joe wiggling his toes, check!- then to a large part of the wall in a murky half-light. He looked at the painting there. A large rendering of Molly's can. She'd told him she posed for the guy. Something like twelve hours, all up. An oil. Dissecting it now was shadow from the window frame. Deep shadow that his most of the wall. Joe gazing into it now. Something might have moved in there.

Joe raised his head from the pillow. He strained his eyes, trying to draw out a shape he could tag. It moved. It also had a cigarette lighter.

Joe said, "Jesus!" Sat up, grabbing for the Chief where he'd left it on the chair.

The flame had shown him a mug that could promote rat poison. A face that wasn't unknown to him. Incredible, but the guy's photographs were flattering. A head you could improve with either end of a .38, it turns out it's photogenic. Jock Croker's head. The thin mustache. Mr Freeze, the tabloids called him. It

was said he liked the handle.

A high voice went, "Uh-huh."

Joe let go of the gun, since Mr. Freeze sent up another flame to show he was holding.

Molly was coming around, going, "Jock? Sweetheart?" Her voice slurred.

Joe said, It's Jock, gorgeous. Jock's docked."

Molly propping herself on an elbow. "Christ, Jock, what time is it?"

Mr. Freeze said, "somebody been a busy girl." Then to Joe: "You know who you's in bed with, pal?"

Joe shook his head.

Jock saying, "Who is this creep?" Like even a whore's got standards. "I oughta shoot him just for some fucking noise."

"This is Joe Smoke," said Molly. He's a private detective I hired to watch over the deal. See that everybody's arithmetic is good."

Joe said, "If you want to weigh in five hundred dollars, Jock I'll watch over both your interests." Double whammy. Make sure the Trade Practices Act didn't go in the river.

Molly was thinking about that.

Mr. Freeze said, "It might've escape the smart guy's attention- the fucking private eye- I'm the only one here got a fucking piece in his hand. Result a that is, I can look after anybody's int'rest I want." He laughed, a rat-a-tat-tat squeak. He said, "I pick mine."

"You still don't see it Jock," said Molly. "Watch my lips. I told you before- no muscle. No hardware. While there's a gun in your hand, the deal's off. I'll make a phone call right now. I can only think of fifty other slimebags who'll be happy to buy it." Reaching over Joe's chest for her cigarettes. "And forget about the search party, you'll never find it."

"What about you? Your gun don't count?"

"Same thing, " She said. "We both put our guns on the table, Joe here sits in the background and earns his money. No stress on anybody."

"What is this? Land a fucking Make Believe? I gotta pretend the dick ain't on your side." The laugh. "You whisper some shit in his ear while you fuck him?"

Joe said, I'm only susceptible to money. You hiring me?"

"Maybe, " said Mr. Freeze. "Don't rush me." Chewing it over. "I dunno you're worth that much, frankly."

"You could be right ," said Joe. "You were to give me, say, two-fifty, the eye I got on you might go half shut on account of you didn't trust me as much. Wouldn't be as alert."

Molly said, "Everybody's being professional, Jock."

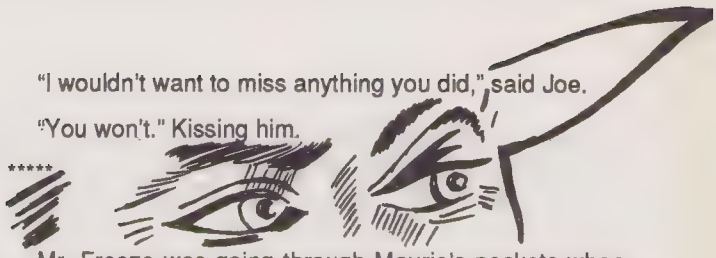
Mr. Freeze loved it. Ev'rybody's a fucking stick-up artist, more like it." He got out of his chair and emerged from the shadow, making towards the ladder. He was wrapped in a buckled black overcoat, a black brim pulled over his forehead. "I'll think about it," he said, going down. "What happened to that dumb shit Maurie?"

"Turns out Maurie's going into real estate,"

Molly whispered, "watch him close, lover."

"I wouldn't want to miss anything you did," said Joe.

"You won't." Kissing him.



Mr. Freeze was going through Maurie's pockets when Molly and Joe came down the ladder. Molly went straight to the bathroom. He made Joe a grin, saying, "what kept youse?" The crooked teeth. "You do something dirty to my wife, pal?"

Joe said "that's a helluva wife you got." Being amiable.

Mr. Freeze got to his legs. No artillery. He said, "You're thinkin' I don't got no principles, right? Let some asswipe sleep with the bitch, act like I don't give a shit. Smoke, that it?"

"Yeah."

"Imagine the thrill I get meetin' a tough guy I never heard of." He let a cigar out of a box of ten. "You got some big rep that escapes me?"

"I'm strictly B-grade, Jock. Cheap."

"Thing is, Smoke I'm a soft touch. Too much Mr. Nice Guy. But I like to bring out the best in people, find their big talent. It disturbs me to see a bright future get flushed down the toilet by a cheap piece a cunt. Took for the ride. Gotta use your head, pal." Pointing at his own with the cigar. "We learned you got a dick that works. Terrific. Keep it for the fucking needy."

"What's on your mind, Jock?"

"LIddle secret, pal." Beside Joe now, putting his arm around Joe's shoulder, patting it. The top of his hat came to about Joe's shoulder. "A detail might a excape your attention, you been workin' so hard on your big case."

"It happens."

"This's finish with, the fucking broad gets her loot," - slipping Joe a sideways wink - "whaddya s'pose she's gonna do about you, huh? Give you a nice blow job and a sniff a the action?"

Joe shrugged. "She's paid up, Jock. Five hundred gets it. You want in?"

Mr. Freeze removed his arm, came around in front of Joe and looked up into his face like it concerned him that Joe had no idea what the score was. He said, "She's gonna pop you Smoke, like she done the gimp here." Nodding at Maurie. "You aware a that?" He relit his cigar. "She's got this idea you've might've done it, Jock. Cashed in Maurie."

He turned his head from Joe in disgust, but only giving it the moment. When he came back he was ready to make a reasonable offer. Too much the Mr. Nice Guy. "Some areas," he said, "like pussy that aint strickly yours- an area that you're gonna have to improve on, bluntly- you's shaky. Otherwise, I can see where you'd be useful."

"How's that?"

"Guts'pal,. The nerve. "It happens tits in there "- glancing towards the sound of the shower- rates a coupla points lower than my terminal fucking bowel cancer in things that are dear to me, but you wasn't to know that. You stuck her anyway. Some nerve, like I said. Ordin'rily, I'd maybe kill youse. It ever got out..." Building a grin for Joe. No menace intended.

Joe understanding.

"But today I feel good. I managed a movement. They call

it a movement. The fucking quack. Six days without a movement, it comes out these liddle hard rocks, you ever see one? Hurts like Jesus. It'd been one more day, you'd be dead, pal. You want a job?"

"I got a hundred jobs." Joe started a Senior Service. "I'm standing here passing the test," he said. "It's that simple. You want to make me rich because I went to bed with your wife the same time you had this success on the toilet. The movement."

Mr. Freeze held up both hands, shaking his head. The cigar stuck in his mouth. "It ain't that simple, Smoke". His gaze shifting to the bathroom door.

The shower stopped.

Joe said, keeping it low, "were you over here last night?"

"I spent the night in town. The hell I wanna spend the night here for? The fucking spiders."

Joe shrugged. "Why would she waste Maurie?"

"Because I was in a fucking hurry." Molly's voice.

Joe and Mr.Freeze looked to see her holding the bathroom door open with one hand, brushing her wet hair with the other. She was naked under a purple robe, which she hadn't tied.

She said, "Maurie got weird. He was scared you were gonna get to him. I shot him and stashed it myself."

Mr. Freeze said, "where?"

Molly was walking over to them now, giving the back of her hair long strokes with the brush. Being natural. She arrange herself on the edge of the sectional, lighted a cigarette- taking her time- crossed her bare legs, saying, "Where's the money?"

"Don't panic." Then saying to Joe: The snow queen thinks I mighta forgot the dough." To Molly: "Let's see my fucking merchandise."

Molly checked her breasts, if they were tanned enough. Like there was nothing better to do.

Joe drew the Chief sat at the other end of the sofa from Molly. Resting the gun on his thigh. He looked at Mr. Freeze, saying, "Let's make a start. Show her you've got the buying power."

"I got it in my bag." The leather bag he'd dropped at Maurie's feet.

"Let her see some cash. From that distance."

"You keep a make on her."

Joe said, I'll try, but you're forgetting something."

"What's that?"

"You didn't hire me yet."

"Oh, yeah." He peeled five hundred dollars out of his wallet, saying, "You better impress me, Smoke."

Joe directed some heat at Molly, saying "For appearances." Molly covering a yawn. She pulled her robe closed.

Mr. Freeze went and got his bag. He opened it from ten paces, gave them a second to decide if it was lettuce in there. "One hundred ton," he said, closing it. "Well?"

Molly leaned closer to Joe- the robe falling open again- saying, "There's twenty thousand dollars for you, sweetdick, if you waste the creep now."

Mr. Freeze was giving her smug. Letting it dawn on the double-crossing bitch his trust in her had never been total. Even a zipperhead like her couldn't seriously think he'd leave home without covering his backdoor.

Joe said to her, "It's on the wire you've got some perishables you want to sell Jock. You want to go get it?, since nobody's been shot yet."

"Thirty thousand." Long fingers stroking Joe's thigh.

Mr. Freeze loved it.

Joe said, Don't split in two, Jock. We're getting to a point here where we're not sure how much to trust me."

"Yeah, pal, I unnerstand. Suddenly you think you got a choice. But give it some thought- see out the window there- you'll wise up."

Joe gazed out at the river. There was a boat he'd seen earlier- in closer now, a hundred meters off the jetty- at anchor. He counted three men on board, all watching the boatshed. One using binoculars.

Mr. Freeze saying, "She's fulla shit, pal. See what I mean?"

Joe said, "I see a serious offer." Making an apologetic face at Molly. "You see baby, the problem with your offer, the thirty gees- where it falls down- is you've got nothing to sell. Am I right?"

"Yes." But so what? Ice cool, the snow queen Jock had mentioned. Mr. Freeze and the Snow Queen, Joe thinking they made a pair. The cold gaze on Joe now, Molly saying, "You've sure got a stiff dick for details, lover. But why cloud the issue? The money's in the bag, what else is there?"

"There's Maurie," said Joe. "I'm thinking he burned you. Turned it around on you, your own scam."

Molly sighed. "The greedy little fuck"

Joe said, "He stashed it too safe. How much did he figure that was worth?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"That still left you a nice profit, " said Joe. "But by now you're thinking, to hell with it, it's getting too much like hard work. All that dope getting in the way of the scheme. To many de-tails. What you really needed was a hired gun. Help you steal Jock's money. Me! "

Molly was quiet.

Mr. Freeze watching them over the top of his bag, letting them sort it out, figuring his play.

Joe said, "We know Maurie was holding out for Jock's arrival. brought the dope with him."

"He didn't ", said Molly. "I Looked."

Joe got up from the sofa, saying, "Don't move , either of you. " He went down to the kitchen, got a carving knife from the drawer. He said. "What time did Maurie get here?" Checking it was sharp.

Molly said, "Yesterday. I'm not sure, yesterday morning sometime. I know, it's a detail, I should've checked, wrote it down. The big clue."

"And you shot him last night?'

"Yes, he was gonna watch Sale of the Century. Let's figure that out.."

"So he's been here twenty-four hours in varying degrees of health." Joe kneeled beside Maurie's body and worked the stiff's jeans down to his kneees, cut away the jockeys. He rolled Maurie onto his stomach, parted the buttocks, shoved the knife deep up intop his ass. Leaving it there. He said, "Dig around some. Go deep. You'll find the first few. Maybe some left in the stomach." Joe stood up. "I'm not after it that bad."

Molly was staring at Maurie's bare white ass, the knife handle sticking out of it. She said, "That's a dumb move."

Joe shrugged. "Like you, he was worried Jock might make his play early. He saw a need to take the precaution. The mule. As serious as getting through Customs. Right?"

"Two-bit junky."

Mr. Freeze was catching up, saying, "Does this mean I'm buying from you now, Smoke?"

Joe said, "It crossed my mind Jock." Joe looking at the leather bag Mr. Freeze had clamped to his knees. His knuckles turning white from taking good care of it. "But what I really want to do is get the hell out of here, out of Brooklyn, let you two kiss and make up. Let you figure out who the winner is in this." He said, "Can I borrow the dinghy?" Thinking they might offer to run him over in the cruiser.

Mr. Freeze said, "Sure you can, pal."

Molly said, "You'll need the map. "

"I can find Brooklyn," said Joe. "Around the bend, keep going."

Molly said, "A map of the jetty. The water is mined."

Joe stopped taking a Senior Service out of the pack. He looked at her.

She said, "It's safe if you've got the map. Study it. There's crosses where we anchored the mines."

Joe went to the window amnd checked the jetty. The water around it. No visible mines. He said, "It's like this, I never rowed a boat before. I'm liable to go crooked, map or no map." Turning to Mr. Freeze. "Why don't you bring the boys in, I can get a ride in with them."

"That's a good idea, pal." Mr. Freeze signalled for the boat to come in.

It was a minute before they caught on. Joe watched one of them put a fishing rod away. The twin outboards kicked over, the nose came around in line with the jetty.

Joe could read the name on her: Big Splash.

Fifty yards out, the explosion. Big Splash blew apart in a ball of fire.

Joe watched this, waited for the last piece of debris to fall into the smoking water. Mr. Freeze there beside him. Molly, too. Joe said, "They read their map upside down?"

Mr. Freeze shrugged. "Never saw 'em before ." Chewing his cigar.

"Jesus."

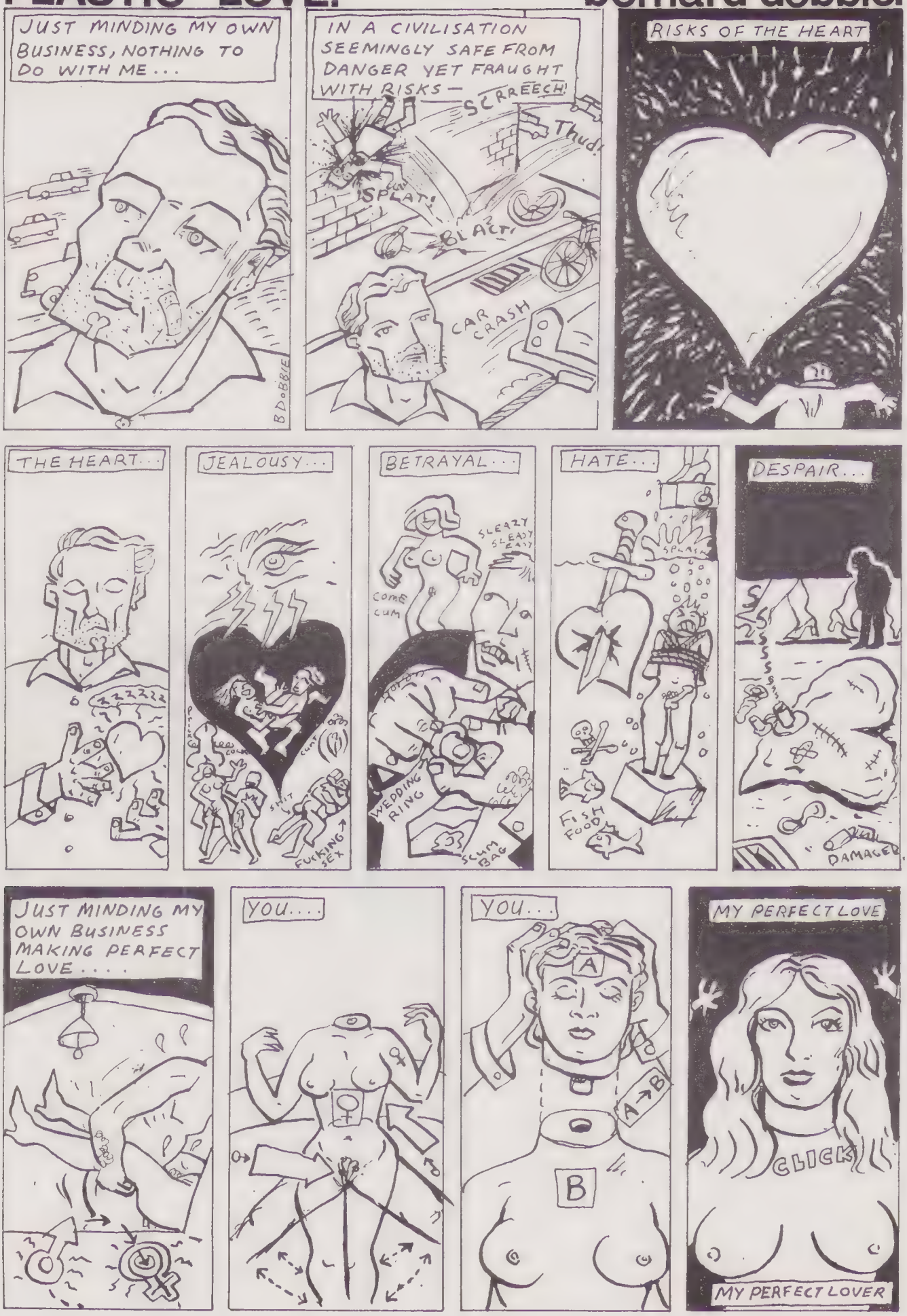
Molly shaking her head. Like now we're going to have to put another bomb out there. She said, "You need the map."

Joe lighted the Senior Service, noting his hand wasn't a rock. He said, "Yeah the map."

Molly smiled. "My half, lover, is five hundred dollars."

Mr. Freeze patting Joe on the back now.

PLASTIC LOVE. - bernard dobbie.



WE HAVE MUCH TO EXPLORE TOGETHER
KISS KISS
MASH
FINE FOOD
YUMMY YUM
DANCING
CULTURE
ROMANCE
PASS THE POP CORN
BUSHWALKING
JUST NATURE
AND FINALLY LOVE...
THROB THROB
PRETTY GIRL
SEXUAL LOVE
PUBIC-LICK
PUBLIC
SPERM WORM
GONADS
BUT YOU WERE NEVER PERFECT!
ALL MY WORK
MESSY
MESSY
PERVERT
HEAD RUG
FUN
FUN
BUM!
FUN
OH THE HORROR!
BROKEN
SEX-CRIME
SEXIST
JUST LIKE THE OTHERS
KICK!
END

"Love is not selective; desire is selective. In love there are no strangers."

Don't ask me to write about 'love'. What do you mean, my love? Do you mean when you love so much it makes you neurotic. Do you mean the love of 'neuroticism'. I mean when the neurotic and the erotic are entwined and to feel your lovers breath on your neck shoots spasms and all you want is to feel the weight of their body; grinding. Not lust alone, but lustful love, trusting abandonment, in-side-splitting-love. Making you breathe, madly. Or do you want me to write about the darkness in neuroticism, of in-side -splitting-love as betrayal. A web that twists a blade in your womb, when you shrivel and your organs turn black and drip an aching death, slowly. She says, "But I love you". You say "but I love you too" and you spend nights in madness, neurotic about the "but". Tears falling, loved liquid lines of pain...and understanding and acceptance. (I think love is about letting go of the shit of neuroticism. Love

can only swim in the sea with no rules, no manual of instructions. Unbound.) My daughter wrote to me last week. She says she's "lost in love" and she asks me to write. I sit back and put my feet up, and let my heart swim in the ocean for a while (she asks me about love!)

"Dear Jade, all I know for sure is that I'll always prefer to be living 'separate lives' and loving fully than having someone with me but imperfectly imprisoned.

It's meant I've always been alone but very much loved."

I scribble this down and then feel a hundred contradictions; a messy kaleidoscope of fantasies and fragments and needs of love. Branded body parts, love disguised, love imprisoned, love as imprisoned breath.

I breathe. I'm stubborn about a love that can dye a heart that's heavy and black and colour caress it lipstick red. A love that can tempt freedom, swollen and swirling.

I saw the tea-cups still sitting on the table from last night. I saw your tea-cup still sitting on the table, stained with your lips. The rich ruby stain, tattoo of half your kiss. This morning I scrubbed your kiss from my tea-cup and let the oily blood stain dissolve.

Last night you asked me if I still love you. You ask me if I STILL love you. Give me your hand, feel my breast. There. Stroke this heart. Can you still feel my heart. Swollen red swirling love. My love floats and flies and flirts in your ocean. Feel my love, the unconditional Pump. Stupid Question.

Text: Leanne Formica

Photography: Lynette Wallworth

the godless women

Alison Murray

AIDS is a big deal in India. The experts are talking millions of HIV positive people in the next ten years. The challenge for education, prevention and care is massive because of sheer numbers, illiteracy, untested blood supply, prevalence of other contagious diseases...and the one big misinformation and discrimination around HIV/AIDS (as in the -it's a disease of dirty junkies, poofs and prostitutes which has nothing to do with Me- sort of crap that goes on everywhere).

Most of the HIV positive cases reported in India have been hetrosexually transmitted, and since nice people don't get HIV, it must be prostitutes' fault. At a grandiose conference on AIDS in New Dehli, a succession of Expert Doctors discussed the Problem of Prostituted Women, their Research and their Programs. Which is all okay, but don't it take two to make a Risk Behaviour? How far is nsisting on safe sex going to get you when the clients are Jgly and Violent?

This is part of the well known international lore, "Men pay for a fuck because prostitutes want them to". Similar to the other one which goes "Poverty exists because people want to be poor".

Western delegates, clutching their stomachs and bottles of mineral water, avoided getting involved in Culturally Sensitive issues. I retreated to the bar, where the beer was said to be the most thrilling, chilled. There was only one other escapee, so inevitably we thrilled together.

I joined the NZ prostitutes who were off to see Delhi's GB Road, supposedly famous but no-one would take us there. They asked why we wanted to see the Totally Godless women. We found it anyway, the brothels are up pitch black stairways, but our way was felt for us by many groping hands. Upstairs lay a very colourful scene of music, dancing and prostitutes in saris of every hue, along with their babies, beggars, pickpockets,pimps and grannies

Prostitutes in this area have made their own demands for the government to provide them with condoms. Meanwhile, back at the factory...the quality of condoms is still shoddy in many parts of Asia, which stuffs up the whole prevention excercise. "We'll have to return to God" say crusaders for a New Moral Order. This can be very Culturally Sensitive, depending on which morality and whose gods you favour. Love is God, says the graffiti, but while I was in Bombay over 1,000 people were killed in rioting supposedly between Hindus and Muslims. "Don't shed blood, shed hate" said Indira Gandhi, but where did it get her?

The Herald's reporter said of Bombay's red-light area, "few places on Earth are as disgusting". I wonder what he found so putrid, since many of the big Third World cities have their poor and dirty parts. Was it the concentration of women in one place that turned his stomach? Or maybe the thought of all that Fucking going on, the squelch of Bodily Fluids being exchanged.

During the rioting, curfews were going on day and night. The prostitutes who normally throng the side streets were lounging in the doorways and grumbling. Not speaking Hindi, but recognising when I was being offered a chillum, I spent some time lounging there too. One of the Doctors at the conference estimated that Bombay has 100,000 sex workers, and 32% are HIV positive. Lets hope there is a cure soon.

Someone's fat....
....or they're upside down....
....or they have a bushy tail....
....or they work as a prostitute....
DON'T MEAN THEY HAVE OR WILL GET HIV
It's not what you are or what you do
it's how you do it

W. D. McAllister

Check this guy out. On hands and knees inspired by a red phone. He aint even an employee of Telecom, that giant telecommunications pagoda, love child of Alexander Graham Richardson. Employees don't wear black great coats with brown and white stains meshed in amongst its fibres, after all it is summer. Gravy chunks like kidney stones, Christ almighty this guy is a fanatic. He says ""The stand is chained, the cord leads here, sound speak here. Voice comes in" and points across the road to the light pole. Passers by sum the situation up. Three seconds POW. —Crazy/ Loose Canon—. This guy takes his dog for walks along the Bondi promenade points oceanwards and exclaims to his canine compadre " Look the green grasses blow in the wind. Let's run". Twenty five thousand people running along Bondi Beach all at once. Fifty thousand bathing in the essence of life; turds, semen, blood, and a little bit of salted water. Seventy thousand hostile surfers with a fungal infection on the groin and one man and dog in tune with one fried brain. No G-string, rub some of that Johnson and Johnson baby oil into my arse. Thats good. No Raybans to hide behind. Who's got an even tan? Level head. Status quo. Sense of reality. A kind heart. Kindness is so easy to fein. "Hey dog , hurry up, you'll miss the overhead powerlines. My hair is longer and my car a deeper red, so what, so is my cock. Car doors drive along Campbell Parade. Inside twenty seven thousand neurotic taxi drivers. "Bullshit mate you couldn't drop Alan Border as captain." Bullshit men in doorways smoking cigars, mothers pushing three tonne prams. It's like carrying the shopping...someones gotta do it. Why should I take the dog window shopping?

The millions of believers who know not why they prey at the sea. The children in church. Isn't this a true god? An incredible expanse of something unknown which makes the masses run up and down it's shores, dive into it's belly. Released, they feel like new. Grant Kenny and Trevor Hendy are deeply religious men. Saint Chicka of the bleeding nose Bondi S.L.S.C. Varicose vein. South American soccer conquestador. Surfing manana. Tom volleyball Cruise. Top gun speedos.

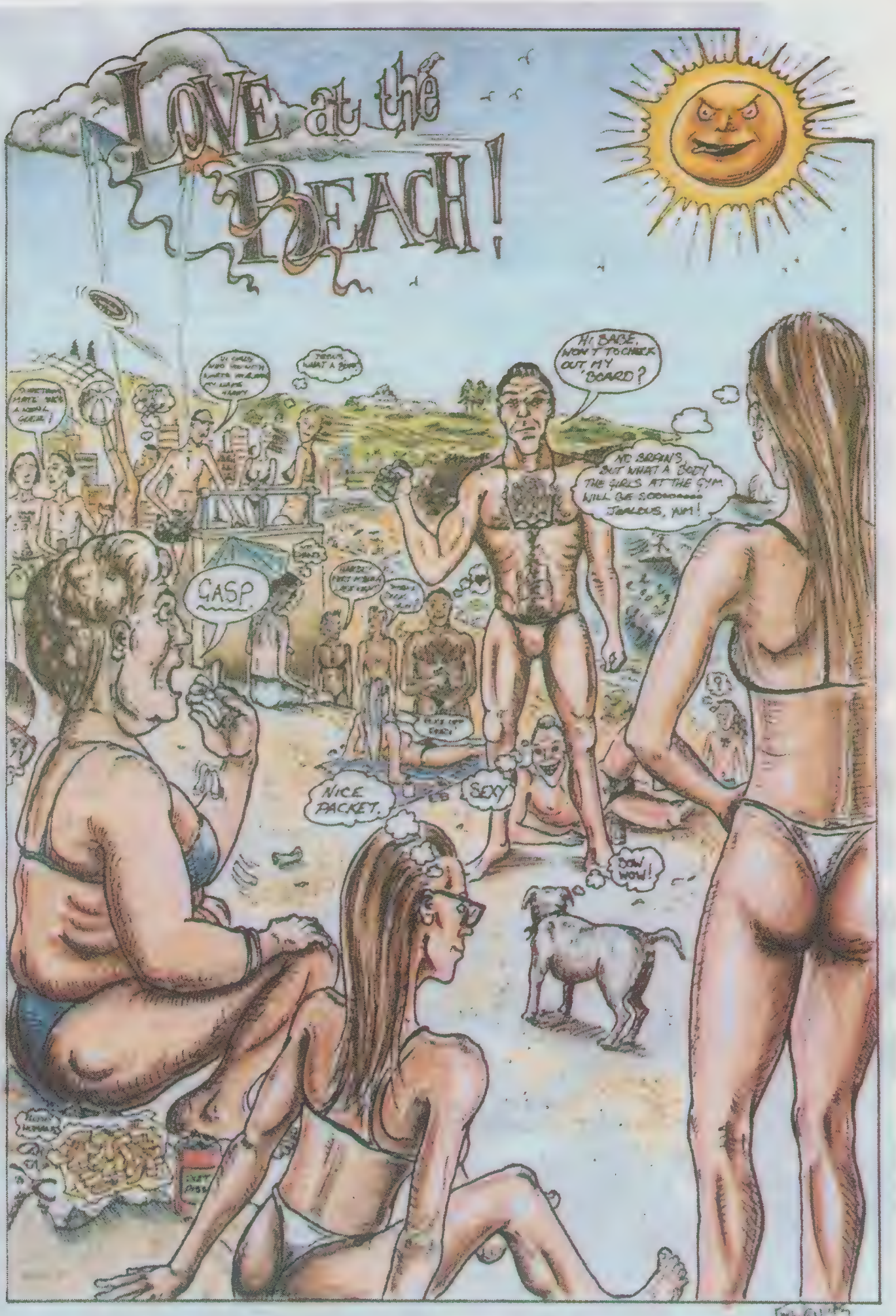
The icebergs nestled in amongst the cliff top, invisible (they think) but boy does council have plans for you guys. Hey the big blonde tanned beergutted throwback garbo from Barry Humphries' nightmare, can you repeat after me "The trade weighted index of the aussie dollar is 51 points, the yen is up". They fly the flag, it's white, and they aint even giving up.

The dog cocks his leg to piss on a politician disguised as a member of the public. You can smell them can't you. Astra oh Astra. The radiators alive. Green GTS HO Ford, blue racing stripes and smoking donuts for the ethnic kids on the north side. The castle crowns the glory of this land. Parched in summer, sodden in winter, why bother. Don't kid yourself, it belongs to no-one, dead or alive.

Our friend and his dog have some visitations on top of the hill under the only Norfolk pine available. A white van door opens, uniformed men jump out and grab the only insular man left in civilisation. They drag him into the back, slam the door, and drive. Now if that dog had coloured vision and lips that could speak (like the human it thought it was) it would have explained to the police, "Well officer, it had a symbol on the side that looked like a two horned beast encapsulated in a sort of satanic circle".

TELECOM.

Let your fingers do the walking and your arse do some talkin'.


LOVE at the BEACH!
HI BABE, WON'T TO CHECK OUT MY BOARD?
NO BABIN'S, BUT WHAT A BOD! THE GIRLS AT THE GYM WILL BE SOOOOOOO JEALOUS, AW!
GASP
NICE PACKET.
SEXY
BOW WOW!
FRANKLY '15

a love story

Noel Power

She is tied to a chair, screaming. Blood, slowly drips from her shoulders and chest as the welts begin to open. Her screams turn into pitiful sobs when the whipping stops. I wish she would just shut up. There's a cloth in my hand which I stuff in her mouth and secure with a silk scarf. That's better.
Then somehow she is free, but rather than running away she throws herself at my feet and begs me to hurt her more.
"You couldn't frighten a little baby, you wimp!" She spits out the words and looks up, her eyes filled with dark hatred and pain. She begins to cry, but the tears come out thick and red. I reach down to touch her cheeks and raise my wet fingers to my mouth.

I jerked awake and let out a gasp. Shit! I was scared, but couldn't for a moment remember why. As my arm reached over to the other side of the bed it came back to me. Jackie. The bitch. I began laughing as I thought of how much fun it would be to really do those things to her.
"You bastard", I said to the ceiling.
Sure she had hurt me, but no-one deserved that sort of suffering. Did they? I nodded off to sleep again contemplating this question.
Yes, the bitch had done me wrong and I felt perfectly justified in working out an elaborate revenge.

After showering the next morning I found one of her hairbands in the bathroom cabinet. I played with it, stretching it between two fingers, then twisted it around my thumb. If it was a piece of rope, around her neck...The thought passed and I began speeding up my morning ritual as I was late.
One thing about work is that you have to have some major break-down or be on the verge of death to avoid turning up. It wasn't so much the responsibility but the unthinking reassurance of the daily grind.I was actually going to work and I would have to act as though nothing was wrong in front of all the robots.
Yeah, like the wise man once said, life goes on. Even if the woman to whom you have pledged eternal allegiance turns and spits in your face. Even if she slams the door when you've tried to open the innermost room of your heart to her. Then tells you she's seeing one of your friends. God knows what I'd do if I saw Matt now. I'd even been drinking with him on Friday night. He did seem a ltle out of sorts, but if I'd only known.

Work was the same. The same fake greetings. The same facade of civility behind which people hide their feelings. When you're in a fragile state of mind it's hard to resist screaming at them; telling all the assholes what you really think of them and challenging them to reveal a bit of themselves. But you've just got to play the game. "Morning, Johnno. My weekend wasn't bad mate. Went to the footy Staturday arvo. Broke up with my girlfriend that night. Spent Sunday contemplating suicide. Yeah, not bad."

I was sitting at my desk contemplating my still unopened mail when a group of them were leaving for lunch. I refused their offer to come along and overhead some comment about how weird I was acting. If only the nosy shits knew the half of it.

It was strange that everything seemed to be going alright the week before. I'd thought we'd gotten over the bad patch that we went through over Christmas. First there were the arguments about where to go on holidays. Then I had to keep working because two of the staff had taken ill and we argued about whose family to spend Christmas with. I relented and agreed to lunch with her folks, as long as we visted my family in the evening. So I had a long and frustratingly alcohol-free lunch , as the Queens head decided I should drive. Jackie was well sauced once we got to my parents and soon got into a heated argument with my Mum about rainforests and the Catholic Church, among other things. So Christmas was quite unmerry and New Year's wasn't much happier.

We then had a mutually agreed on 'break' and only saw each other intermittently for a month. That must have been when she and the spawn of Satan hit it off, because he seemed to be making a lot of vague excuses to avoid going out. It's funny how it all falls into place after the event. It's like your emotions are divided up into little pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. But everyone except you has seen the cover of the box and knows how it should turn out.

I didn't eat or move through lunch-time then James called to see how I was. Even he asked the innocent weekend question."What can I say mate?," I replied.
"Me and Jackie aren't happening anymore." "Uh, yeah, so I heard. Look I'm really..." "What do you mean, 'so I heard'. Shit it's only been since Saturday. Has she put an ad in the Herald, or something?"

"Look, I was just over at Matt's yesterday arvo and, y'know, she was there. So I put two and two together." "Of course pal. I was just thinking about how I was probably the last person to know. Tell me , when did you first realise about those two. I hope I can trust you, okay, so don't bullshit."

"Okay, I saw them out together when you were away for that long weekend. I was going to say something, but you know how it is. I mean Matt's a friend, too. And I like Jackie. I mean what was I supposed to do."

"What were you supposed to do? Well...I paused for a moment trying to regain my composure and felt my hand tightening around.the phone. "Nothing much. No , you couldn't have done much. But if you do really like Jackie why don't you just take a number and join in the queue, like EVERYBODY ELSE! I screamed out the words and slammed the receiver.

Fuck.

The fallout from this sordid affair was really making me sick. I looked up to see a couple of people staring at me; but they quickly turned away from my bitter eyes. James was obviously another person who knew the situation to the puzzle before I did.

I couldn't deal with work any longer and left telling my boss I was sick. When she asked what was wrong I just said everything, which seemed to satisfy her.

On the way home I stopped at the bottle shop. After glancing at the fridge I decided beer wouldn't do the trick and decided on the trusty Jim Beam. I made effective use of the bottle to pound thoughts of Jackie out of my mind. Sometime after sunset I stumbled out my front door with the intention of driving round to Matt's for a short discussion followed by physical violence. I awoke the next morning, cramped in the front seat of my car with a pool of stinking vomit at my feet.

I managed to clean myself up and get to work at a reasonable time. Not that I did much anyway, with the death knell of a million brain cells ringing in my head. The rest of the week passed in a haze of anger, tears and self-recrimination. What had I done wrong? Why did it have to be Matt? Why wouldn't she call? The questions constantly rocketed through my mind only to fizzle out when I was too tired or too drunk to deal with them anymore.

I didn't hear from Jackie during that week. Presumably she was enjoying getting to know Matt, both physically and mentally. That weekend , exactly a week after the event, I went out with some friends. They were polite but distant and seemed to be treading around me like I was an emotional minefield. I got pissed off with all the small-talk and repeated in-jokes and went home early. It made me think how shallow and restrained are most of our friendships. I realised there were only two people in whom I could really confide but refused their overtures for a quiet drink.. I was beginning to feel a bit better a few weeks later. I'd started exercising again and also noticing other women. There really are a lot of other fish in the ocean and my libido was egging me on.

I was out with James one night having a great time when I bumped into her. She was with some girlfriends and there was no sign of Matt. We exchanged polite greetings. We'd only seen each other once since the break-up and chose not to communicate then.

As we sat down everyone else sensed the need to leave us alone. It felt weird sitting opposite her, so close together in a crowded bar. I asked how she'd been. "Oh not bad, y'know, I got offered that job at the record company last week." "Yeah?, thats great, you're going to take it aren't you?" "Sure I am. You know I've been hanging for it since last year. Look Shane, I really appreciate all the encouragement you gave me and everything..." Her voice trailed off and we sat there silently, looking into each others eyes.

It struck me at that moment that it was over. There was nothing left to salvage. What we had given of ourselves while we were going out; all the laughter and the tears were now in the past and could not be resurrected. But I was sensitive enough to realise something was wrong. Then she gave me the 'little girl look' and I felt my heart was in danger of melting.

"You probably know already, but Matt and I aren't seeing each other anymore", she said.
"No I haven't heard."

"I know what happened must have put you through hell, but I still love you, Shane , and if you can only forgive me. Well I think we should give it another go."
"I'd been looking down at the table while she said this, then I raised my head and saw she was almost in tears.

"You don't love me Jackie. You may have, but I'm not the person you loved. Believe me, I've changed and there's nothing between us now. See you round."

I stood and went to find James. I think she was crying as I walked away, but I didn't really care.

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The 6th Channel

Eddie Greenaway

One of the most exciting developments in the Australian media in recent times has been the growth in Community TV. From its humble origins as the brainchild of independent videomakers in the 1970's, Community TV is now on the threshold of gaining a permanent niche in Australian broadcasting similar to that of Community Radio.

The current minister for Transport and Communications, Senator Bob Collins announced on the 13th of November last year that the government was reserving the 6th (and last) free-to-air TV channel permanently for non-commercial community and educational use. Community organisations in the Arts and media have applauded this decision and the race will now be on to determine the shape of the new channel.

The potential opportunities which the community channel will offer for artists and film-makers and for cultural develoment in general is enormous. Economic considerations will still play a part, however programs aimed at delivering advertisers mass audiences on commercial stations and serving national audiences and "national interest" in the case of the ABC and SBS, will be replaced by an emphasis on greater plurality and diversity in content and some risk taking in political viewpoints, aesthetic judgements and style.

Each capital city and regional area has the opportunity to develop their own distinct Community TV station. This will provide the local information and programming not seen on television since the birth of the national networks in the seventies.

In addition, Community tv will work to enhance the scope and level of production in Australian television benefitting the whole industry, providing a breeding ground for exciting new artists and ideas as well as sharpening the contrast available on our screens. Viewers will notice the difference in tempo and style when their remotes flick over the 6th channel. Hopefully many will remain glued to the screen and be inspired to get involved in Community TV and make their own programs for broadcast on their local channel..

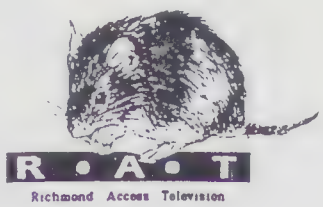
The need for greater Australian and indepent content in the media is growing year by year as centralisation in ownership and control and pitiful programming becomes the order of the day. In the commercial television industry the crass extravagances of the Bond and Skase years has been replaced by turgid re-runs and a few low grade soap operas and sports coverage providing the "Australian content". The dominant maxim seems to be if you can't recycle or rehash an old program or song then forget it, its not worth the risk.

In this present set-up the advantages for diversity provided by advances in technology such as Camcorders, DAT, CD-ROM etc are not being fully utilised. Advances in video technology now mean domestic video equipment is easier to operate, more compact, much cheaper and of broadcast quality. There could be greater use of developmental grants to young filmakers and artists by such bodies as the Australia Council, greater use of student efforts and so forth to provide product for use by TV . Community TV is uniqely positioned to use these new advances in ways that commercial and national TV (ABC and SBS) wouldn't dream of attempting. For the first time the television audience can also become the program maker.

Practical Considerations:

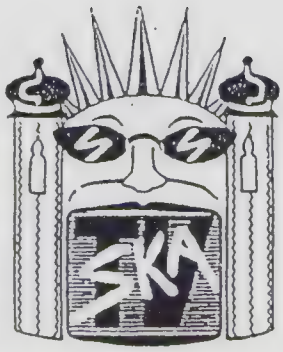
In the longer term acceptance of such innovation will be of benefit to the whole industry and to the cultural life of Australia. Community TV will gain critical acclaim and support but broad community acceptance will be more difficult to achieve, it will take a good mix of quality and hype to gain peoples attentions and then hold them.

In this respect community TV needs to adopt a flexible approach to its programming and production decisions. It will not be sufficient to run on an ideologically driven agenda if the programs are not aesthetically appealing and attractive to viewers, the "warm inner glow" of the self righteous will not balance the books. Similarly issues of censorship, violence etc will have to be dealt with in a flexible and imaginative manner.



In terms of finances, Com

munity TV will need to cast a very wide net if it is to be able to establish and maintain a high quality service. Both mainstream political parties have stated that there will be no substantial injection of Commonwealth funding to the sixth channel, so alternative sources are essential. Undoubtedly some indirect government money will flow in the form of grants via the Australia Council, Film Finance bodies, state and federal, state Arts ministries and so forth, however these will most likely be on a project by project basis. Recurrent funding will come from two main avenues. Firstly, support from the community base of the station in terms of subscriptions, membership drives , etc..., and secondly through commercial sponsorship. Small businesses in particular are keen to get involved and larger national and institutional sponsors will no doubt be attracted to the 'niche' markets they would otherwise not be able to reach.



People wishing to express their interest and support for Community TV can contact the following groups:

Public Broadcasting Association of Australia
Geoff Morgan
Suite One, Level Three, 44-54 Botany Rd.
Alexandria 2015
Ph: (02) 310-2999 Fax: (02) 319-4545

Community Television Sydney
Brooks McTavish
PO Box 814
Darlinghurst NSW 2010
Ph: (02) 318-7221

Melbourne Community Television Consortium
Peter Lane
247-251 Flinders Lane
Melbourne 3000
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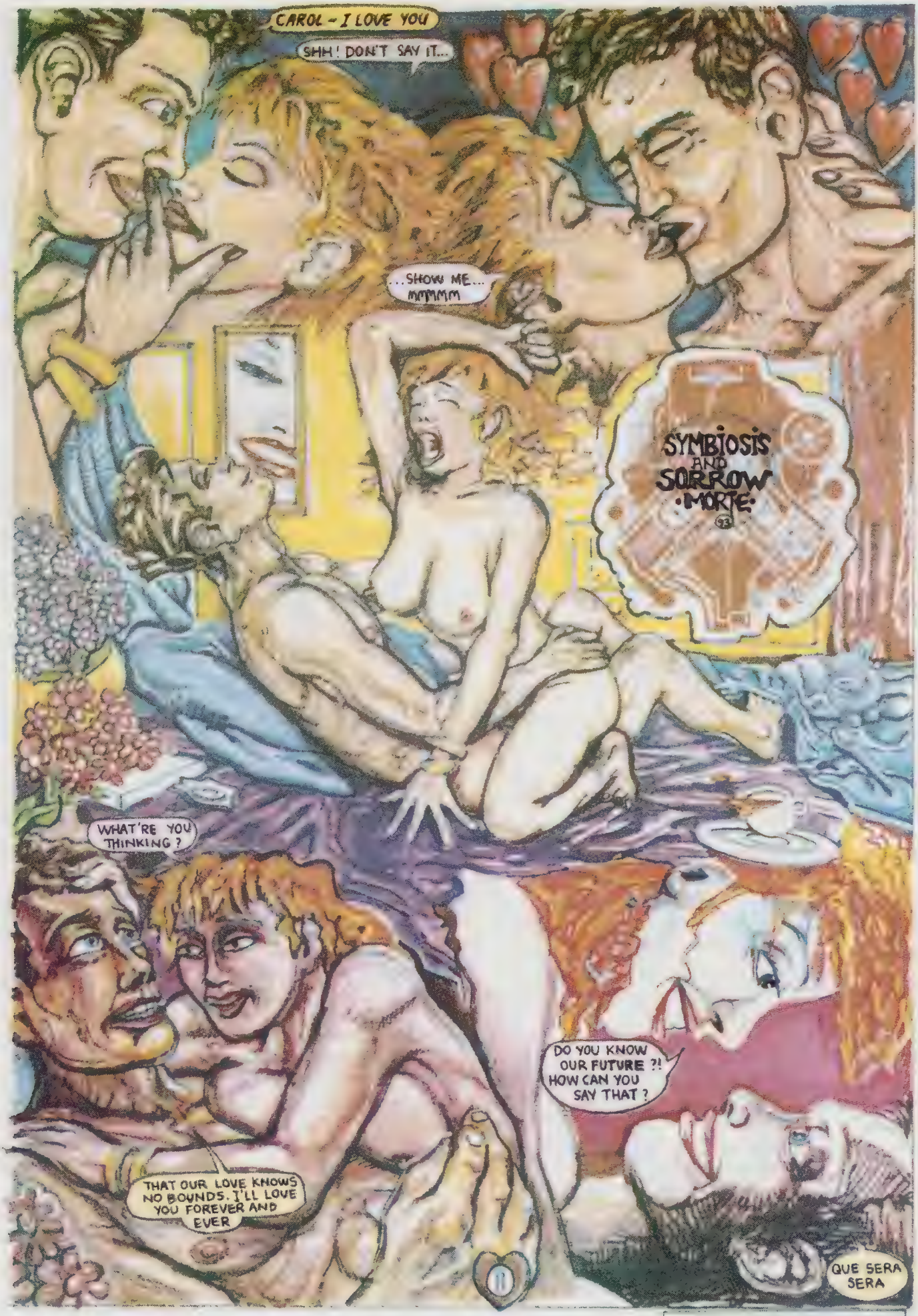
CAROL - I LOVE YOU
SHH! DON'T SAY IT...
...SHOW ME... MMMM
SYMBIOSIS AND SORROW
•MORTE•
'93
WHAT'RE YOU THINKING?
THAT OUR LOVE KNOWS NO BOUNDS. I'LL LOVE YOU FOREVER AND EVER
DO YOU KNOW OUR FUTURE ?! HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT ?
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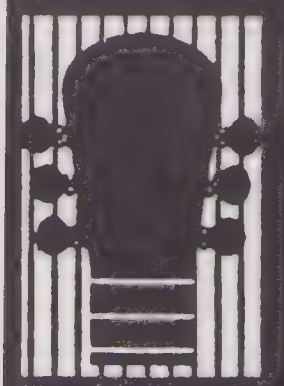

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UNDER THE SCALPELS OF SKILLED TECHNICIANS.
BOBBY'S LOVE FILLED HEART MAINTAINED IT'S LIVING RYTHM.
AND CAROL'S WAITING ROOM WISHES WERE GRANTED
HE'S GOING TO LIVE! YOU CAN SEE HIM NOW.
...UH... ...FOR EVER... ...AN... ...EVAH...
CRITICAL BUT STABLE CONDITION POSSIBLE PARALYSIS OF LOWER LIMBS. PROBABLE MENTAL IMPAIRMENT. HOW BADLY? ONLY TIME WILL TELL.

LOVES LONELY VIGIL
THROUGH AN EMOTIONAL WINTER
..TIME FLUTTERS BY
UNTIL A CONVALESCENT SPRING
TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS
WOUNDS LEAVE SCARS
NOW I KIN PUT TH BLOO NTH RED BEENS FA TEE
HELLO BOBBY!
KAWOL! I DUNNA PIKCHA F FOR YA
BUH!...
BOBBY... THIS IS GOOD BYE...
..OH! THATS... NICE... UH... ..ROBERT I'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY TO YOU...
I WANT YOU TO LISTEN
THE DOCTORS TELL ME YOU'LL BE COMING OUT OF HERE SOON. YOU'LL NEED SOMEONE TO CARE FOR YOU I'M YOUNG AND HEALTHY.. I HAVE MY LIFE AHEAD OF ME.. I.. WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS... I DON'T THINK I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO BE YOUR NURSE BOBBY ... I'M SORRY...

PLEASE BEHAVE YOURSELF WE DON'T WANT MATRON TO SEND US TO OUR ROOM NOW, DO WE MR DUCASSE ? HMMM ?... LIKE A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY ? SO JUST SETTLE DOWN. THAT'S A GOOD LAD.

cross the jungle

Belle Tlaskal

The Cross was once a jungle, out beside the harbour. They had a tough time getting it ready for the merinos and mansions of 'Woolloomooloo Heights'. Tough time cleaning out the systems; ground dwelling lizards ran into the sea and the parrots flew back into the mountains. The tall trees came down wreathed in vines. As soon as it was cleared they reforested with huts of stripped bark, more graceful on the gums, and slabs of stone, raw and tender in the sun.

But things have a way of forming again. Now instead of the parrots, lizards and the liana's we have made our own resolutely diverse human world. Where we are the mulch, the basis of all that grows from us. 'Human Rubbish' they call it now. Smelly and hard to handle (slips through your fingers).Humus forked over by gardeners who don't want to dirty their hands. In the Cross we are all food for what will sprout from this muck, we all have it in us, the voyeur, the slimy side, the sleazy side, the let it all hang out side which we let burst open out there, like spores from a mulch heap mushroom.

What should you grow from the Cross is tolerance to exposure to all lifeforms. Sometimes you'll give up. Their faces are not for you. Talk and maybe they're not just alcoholics or barristers moonlighting as derro's. They can be mean, they can be vicious, embrace them, live your life, sit in a cafe and observe their's...

They're shaving and deoderising the dark patch of Sydney. Cleaning and swabbing the wiry scrubby parts down there, making it all clean and neon, a Pretty Woman.

Give them what they come here for; thrill the voyeur in us all, a catharsis of ordinary social life. The 'Love Machine's' of the Cross were started as an economic response to the flourishing Leagues Clubs in the suburbs. People had to be drawn back. They would have come anyway but to ensure their return, porn and real sex in the parlours replaced the chic Nightclubs of the war years as the new face, the new sensation of the Cross. Although it was always an implication that you'd find a night of love at the Cross. The nightclubs were more discreet and you didn't pay upfront, except in Orchids and stockings, as the R and R'ing Yanks did.

People leave all their bad here. Behave like pigs and puke on the Cross it absorbs it all and cleans up after them.

Take the Kings Cross carnival down the inner streets; Roslyn, Bayswater, Kellett, let them see not just what is on open display. Show them, don't play coy, the Cross never had a family rating. Let them see that there's an alternative to the car and the shopping centre. We're not all homogenous, smoothed out and comparted into quarter acre blockettes. In the first ever Carnival the girls from the Pussycat (the pink one) out on the awnings above the crick necked crowd did what they did best, giving them what they wanted, what they came for, not another 'Paddy's' market; their skill and influence ignored.

This is where all of Sydney's excitement spurts out, in the right light and with a half closed black eye. The jungle flower excitement blooms short and when you don't expect it, this mix of timing, girls, Fountain.

Night is when the people with high hopes come and when at the Fountain Cafe they hire a special type of hefty german girl to cope with the overflow.

The Cross summers were wild in the sixties, the boys with their US dollars and a year at sea below their belts. The girls and the clubs are still here to ease their paths on William, Victoria, Darlinghurst and Roslyn. There's still the excitement when the sailors land and re-inforcements of young housewives come in from the West visions of a microwave or a washing machine fuelling their libido.

The shiny swollen Holden windows are open, doors locked shut (stop the junkies and the Pro's just walking in) pass the Fountain again and again, honking and throbbing their instant street disco. Something's going to happen because that's what you want.

There too is life in the canopy of Macleay Street, Potts Point and Elizabeth Bay. But they are the top dwellers, flitting like french hummingbirds between the cafe's of Darlinghurst Road and the latest Cross club, all moderation and tact. One drink here, a bit of grazing there, demure amounts of cash. They bring the fancy feathers and the class and the exposure as photographers flash at their orang-u-tang grins but they don't do the job as most hybrids don't. Bums on seats and beers in bellies. Without the Westies, the flying creatures descending and sucking and fertilizing there would be no Cross. They bring in the bodies of the people who pack the clubs and keep the cycle going.

The next morning they jog in Rushcutters Bay, sweet smelling in the fresh morning light (they never drink so much so it can be smelt, not from a distance anyway). They wonder why the derelicts don't at least go to all the lovely parks beside the harbour to sleep...

Back on the Cross, the girls who don't take advantage of the harbourside parks are eating their first burger and a drunk does his rounds. Squatting beside the bottle bins, tipping the dregs into his screwtop Tooheys bottle. Good Morning Australia! his T-shirt says to me above his watermelon belly. You see the glamour rubbed off 'Les Girls'. They've untapped themselves, shed their sheaths of sequins, but not their make up, never their makeup. They're tired, exaggerated, cafe lipstick smeared, bums strapped into skirts, lionine hair and dirty feet. They'll never be off stage as they mince to the loo and back, waving and blowing kisses to bewildered regulars, sucking their flat whites. Their six foot frames in stilletos teeter out, wherever they're going...Some are happy, they get what they want, peek at the sleaze as a child pokes the mulch to see the worms. Look at the freaks, perverts and dwarfs and feel gloriously normal. The girls feel pure and beautiful and the boy's are men, they protect their women, punish the others and then go puke in the Fountain. But it's not all leeches. Sometimes they wash the Fountain and the bubbles fly and catch people's faces and a drunk girl in a long white dress rises naked from the foam. She steps from her garment into her boyfriends arms, dismounts the shitty pedestal and dissapears in a taxi.

This is where the Aussie dream is thrown in the Westie's faces. No, not everyone aches for a Hills Hoist or lusts after a pool. The Cross is for people who are in a stage of their lives when it can give them what they need or what they deserve.

The cheap terrace flats were the first to herald close communal living. Where the gardens of the great houses on 'Woolloomooloo Heights' were hacked up, thousands of people now live densely and richly on the distance between the Fountain (once site of the gates to Elizabeth Bay House) and the house itself. We've replaced the jungle with but one species. One doubts this, judging by the differences you see between individuals on the Cross. But of course, in nature there is the greatest of differences within a species. Maybe tolerance is the result of all that diversity on the Cross.

The monoculture of the suburb; where all diversity has been bred out in brick and lawn is what drives their inhabitants to the Cross. They come back to the primevil source where people confront each other as in the forests. They prowl in their tribes and howl in the night while high in the canopy their matings and disputes are watched with anthropological interest by the patrons of the 'Bourbon' and citizens of the Park.

Either people here were never possessors of the Australian dream or they have forsaken it and gone back to tribal living, back to the flat.

True, they have to leave the goat tracks of corridors and the maze of walls a lot, so they come to the cafe and watch fascinated, people watching them.

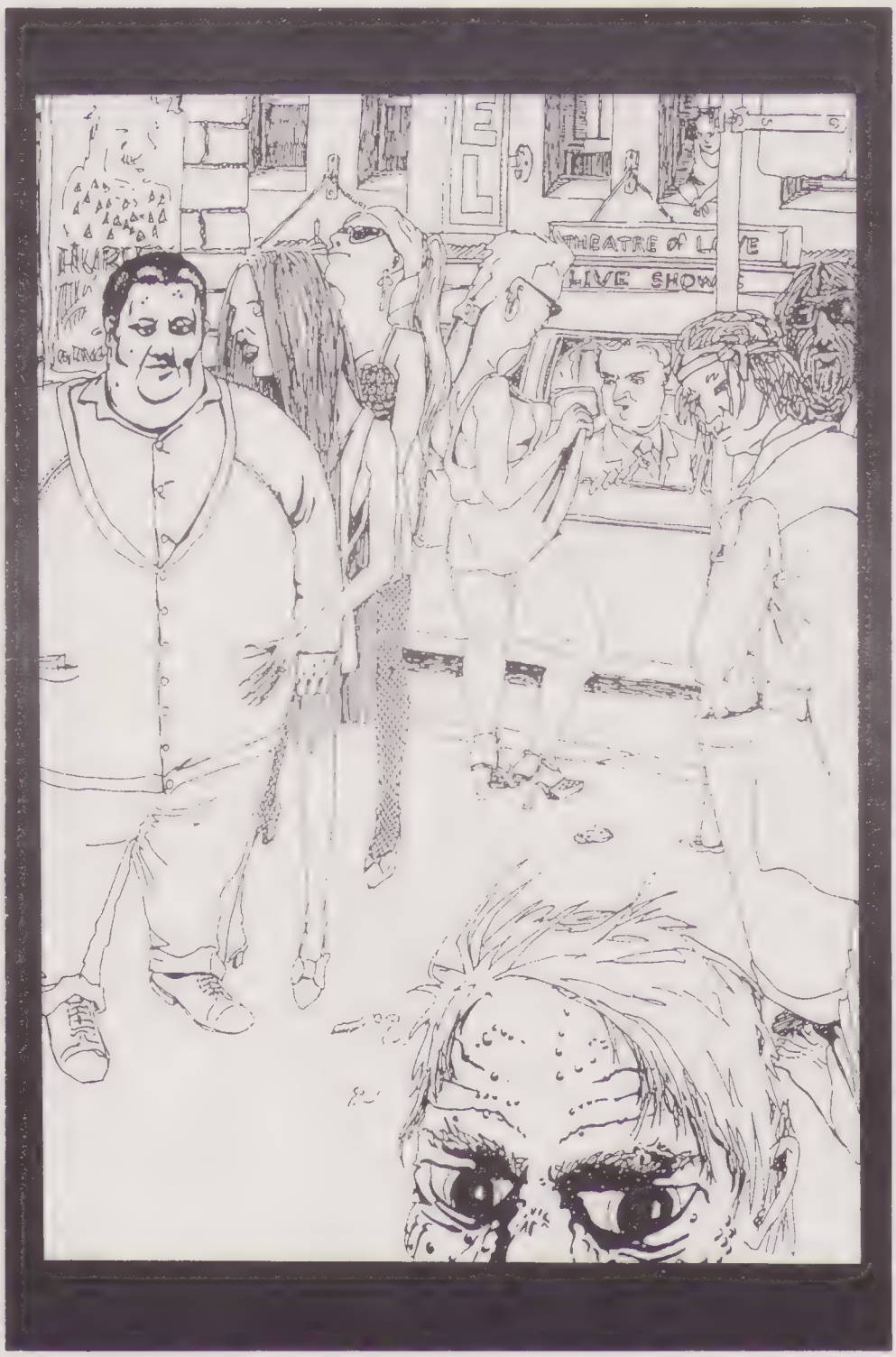
There were windmills on the Cross in the 1800's, grinding the coarse colony flour. People still tilt at them, do strange impossible things. Be a woman if they're wrong as a man, have families with parents of the same sex, start satanic cults, live a life massaging on the streets or selling clockwork panda's, sleep in the jungle in front of the library nights and read days.

Breathe in the smell when walking on the Cross. Breathe in the smell of chicken bone carcasses picked over by carnivorous pigeons. Like mulch it stinks but there have been lives and tunnels and cellars and smugglers routes under the streets.

How many Pro's have loved in the flats we rent, how many clubs have throbbed hopefully for how many Saturday nights? It is the complexity of lives lived before that the child of the subdivision seeks.

They seek the layers of vitality, buildings built upon the remains of the last like a sapling pushing through the decay of some animal softly mouldering. The constant change, growth and renewal that is life, that is the Cross.

Dreams on dreams. How many people have swum in the Fountain, how many roving eyes have touched up the girls, how many of them have been touched by the Cross?

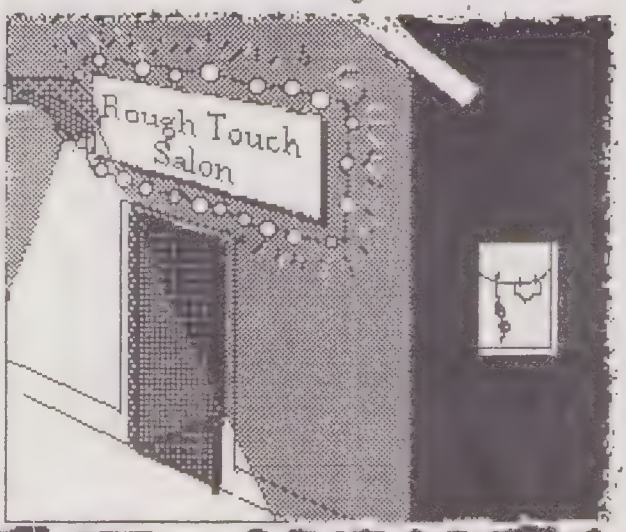


a bad baz tale

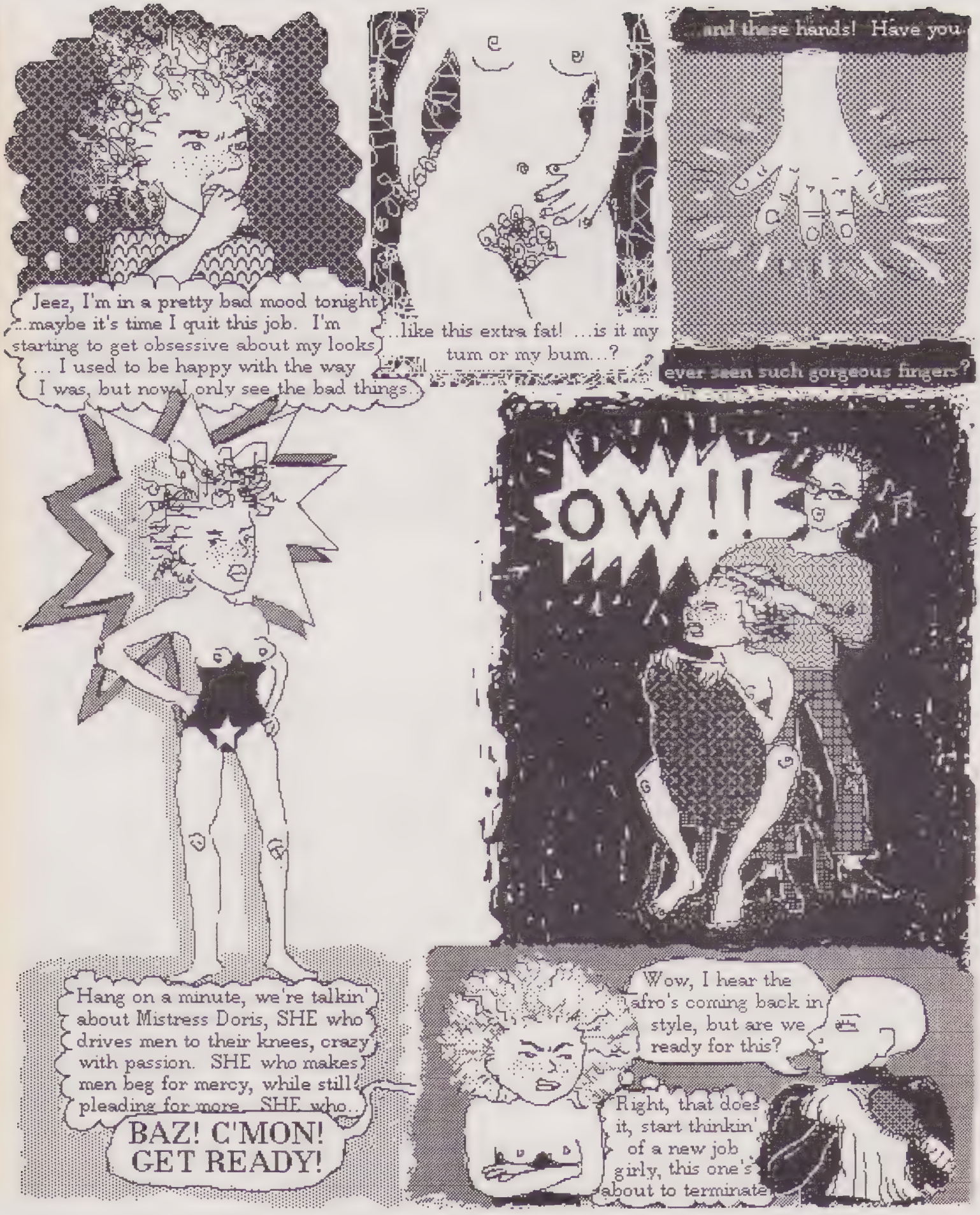
x-dressing for tomorrow's girl

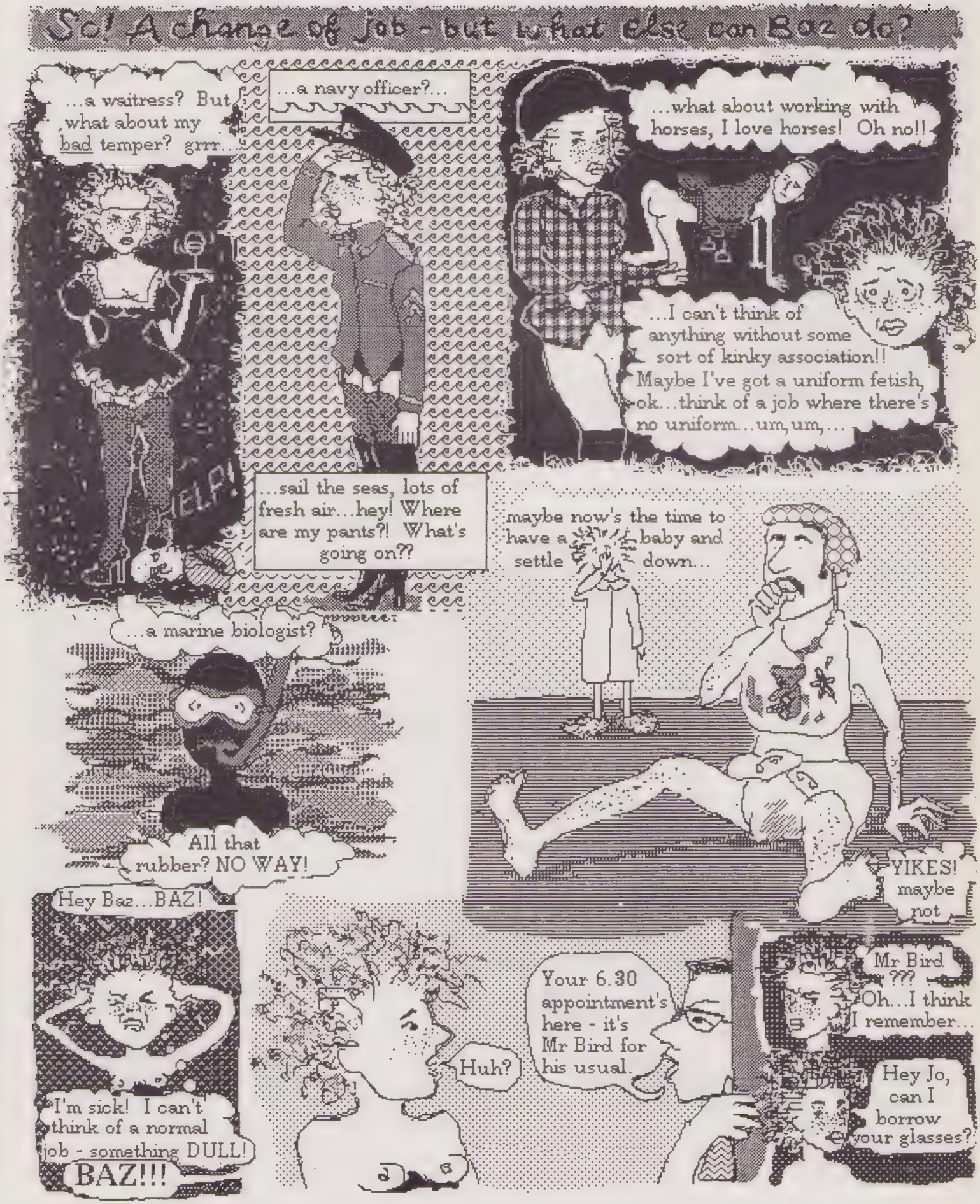
PARENTS! Lock up your daughters, it's time for the....

...the start of the late night shift at the...



Hi Baz
...to sustain alienated conditions of work, life and culture... For instance, on th assembly line which consists of real or imagined loss of love...
Yeah?
Do you guys mind? I can't hear the TV... hi Baz!
Hiya, sorry I'm late...
So, what's your excuse for bein' late, Baz?
BIZARRE HONEYMOON
HAVE YOU BEEN A BAD BOY?? Mistresses Doris, Sophia and Edna demand to see you. For the most experienced & exclusive mistresses in to the ROUGH H SALON. Oper late, discreti
Well, ya gotta hurry up and get ready, you've got a client in 15 minutes.
okay, okay *!%@#
oh...
I dunno, Jo, just one of those nights where nothin' goes right - my hair fr'instance - it's outta control!!
Who's borrowed my corset and not retur fuck this f
Baz, it's been sitting in the washtub for a whole week.


Jeez, I'm in a pretty bad mood tonight ...maybe it's time I quit this job. I'm starting to get obsessive about my looks ... I used to be happy with the way I was, but now I only see the bad things...
...like this extra fat! ...is it my tum or my bum...?
...and these hands! Have you ever seen such gorgeous fingers?
OW!!
Hang on a minute, we're talkin' about Mistress Doris, SHE who drives men to their knees, crazy with passion. SHE who makes men beg for mercy, while still pleading for more. SHE who...
BAZ! C'MON! GET READY!
Wow, I hear the afro's coming back in style, but are we ready for this?
Right, that does it, start thinkin' of a new job girly, this one's about to terminate


So! A change of job - but what else can Baz do?
...a waitress? But what about my bad temper? grrr...
...a navy officer?...
...what about working with horses, I love horses! Oh no!!
...I can't think of anything without some sort of kinky association!! Maybe I've got a uniform fetish, ok...think of a job where there's no uniform...um, um,...
HELP!
...sail the seas, lots of fresh air...hey! Where are my pants?! What's going on??
maybe now's the time to settle
have a baby and down...
...a marine biologist?
All that rubber? NO WAY!
YIKES! maybe not
Hey Baz...BAZ!
I'm sick! I can't think of a normal job - something DULL!
BAZ!!!
Huh?
Your 6.30 appointment's here - it's Mr Bird for his usual.
Mr Bird ???
Oh...I think I remember...
Hey Jo, can I borrow your glasses?

So, Mr Bird, you've been sent to stay with Aunty Doris, you must have been a BAD boy!
...and what is that pathetic thing? ...mm?
my pee wee Aunty Doris
God, I can't see anything through these glasses.
And what does Aunty have to say about masturbation?
That it's very bad and it will make me ill, Aunty
That's right! Now I'm not going to read any more unless you stop it!
...rent, nah...new clothes, nah...food for cat, nah... party up time, nah...vet bill, nah...fuck 'em, no bills, this time I might actually try and save it...
BAZ, WAKE UP!
Wha...?
So how was it?
What? Oh, the job, okay... I guess it beats working as a waitress, that's for sure!
Well now that you've stopped drooling all over your money, give me my glasses back so at least I can see what's in front of me.
The End

my ride of her life

Campbell

A large brown Monte Carlo pulled up behind the road maintenance truck situated at the on-ramp of the Interstate Ten, Phoenix Arizona. I was standing with one thumb directed at the main flow of traffic and the other to the on-ramp.

Through the tinted window I looked at the well dressed man, he raised his hand and gestured for me to take his ride. Quickly I grabbed my rucksack and scurried to circle around the back of the car. The trunk bounced open to reveal three soft leather travelling cases, after a slight hestitation I threw in my rucksack and closed the trunk. I ran around to the passenger door, 'click', up popped the inside locks. I jumped in not stopping to think or ask where he was going, happy to get a ride in air-conditioned luxury to escape the early morning sun.

"Where are you going?" he asked unemotionally.

"California".

"I'm going all the way to L.A." he agreed.

"Oh! Great!, that is exactly where I'm going".

No response. 'Click'! the door locked with the press of a button and away we glide, quickly picking up enough speed to allow for cruise control.

"You live in Phoenix?" I asked, trying to spark some recognition.

"No -we came here for the weekend, my wife and I- my wife had a heart attack".

This news made the atmosphere a lot heavier, not knowing what to say I hopefully asked if she was O.K. , he shook his head ever so slightly.

"I'm sorry to hear that", I said quietly.

I felt very sorry for this man. What kind of ride is this going to be for the next six hours with a man stricken by his wife's death just days earlier?

"That's a hell of a sign" he commented pointing out a sign that read "State Penitentiary- Do not pick up hitch-hikers". To our right sat the fenced in prison.

"Yeah, escape from prison and run across and start hitchin' " I replied sarcastically.

The radio's classical music was the soundtrack to our silence.

"That would be the hell of a job!" he gestured as we passed some prisoners on the medium strip of the freeway, dressed in yellow armed with plastic bags, they were collecting litter discarded by passing motorists. He reached up to touch the windscreen with the back of his hand to feel the rising heat of the day. A Rachmaninoff symphony breathed from the radio.

He drove in a relaxed style his large torso set back in the seat as though it was a lounge chair, his left hand perched on top of the steering wheel, occasionally touching his indicator to move over to let a faster moving car pass.

"This place sure has grown" he told me, pointing with his free hand. "We used to come here a lot, years ago".

We listen to the quiet music and the hum of the car.

"You wouldn't think it would happen to a girl in her forties. Tch! right there on the dance floor, all I could do was pick her up and take her to the car" he explained in a hollow voice.

"Did she have a bad heart or anything? Blood pressure?" I asked sensing he wanted to talk.

"No nothing at all" staring out at the straight flat open road.

"We went out clebrating another gal's fortieth birthday on Saturday night. You know, the old big celebration, over the hill and all that".

He stopped maybe pondering the "over the hill" statement.

"We were all drinking a bit, the two girls and I were drinking wine, John was on beer, we drank, say, a bottle of wine each, just over dinner-having a good time, thought we would dance a bit, Jesus- right there on the dance floor! That's what I get for marrying an older woman, I guess."

He fell back into silence, not really believing his last comment.

The freeway rolled on, Phoenix had long disappeared and the flat Spring desert framed by the hills rollled along with it.

"You can only go so long without music" he said punching in a cassette. Bobby Womack became the soundtrack and I sensed it was time for their songs.

Just at that moment I realised that I was sitting in her seat, where she should have been, and always did sit at his side. Instead there I was, a dirty hitchiker smelling of sweat.

Admiring the quality of the wooden dashboard I followed my eyes down. I came to the ignition and keyring that read "Steve's Keys", for the first time in two hours I knew his name. He reached over into the back seat and produced a couple of photographs, the length of time he looked at them told me they were of his wife. Having finished reminiscing, he placed them on top of the dashboard shaded by the sun.

"I guess I can stop wearing this thing now" patting his seatbelt across his chest."

"That was one of the things Vicki used to harp at- not wearing my seat belt."

"No, I'm not a great lover of them myself"- I was not wearing mine.

California was creeping up on us.

"Yeah, we stopped at every rest stop on the way out here, except for one. That was another thing, Vicki didn't like me reaching over and giving her a kiss when I was driving, so we would pull over and have a bit of a kiss and a cuddle. I passed one without stopping and she would say, "Hey", you missed one, why didn't you stop?" We laughed about that and I'd stopped at the next one for a bit longer."

"That's great. how long have you been married?", I asked, avoiding using her in the past tense.

"Well it would have been eighteen years in two months."

"Any children?"

"Yep, two boys, the eldest one Randy, he is sixteen and Joe he's eleven, great kids" he said in a deep throat and paused as he thought some more.

"You know, I sit here and think of my boat, my four wheel drive, my nice big house and just wonder- what's it all for? I've got to sit back and really think about things..."

"I might have to pull out the old Harley and just go."

The music swayed from melow easy listening to the country sounds of Merle Haggard. He reached over his shoulder into his suit jacket, pulled out a bottle of aspirin and craved for coffee as he threw four down his throat."

"Yep, I should have been the one to go- the way I take aspirin and down coffee. I have about ten cups of coffee before noon everyday- we're going to have to stop for a cup soon."

As we sped along the never ending freeway I learned of the unique relationship Steve & Vicki possessed. How they used to take off on his Harley and go camping up in Northern California, Steve's young wild days when he cruised the beaches of L.A. in his'57 Chevy and how he lost it by rolling several times.

"She used to joke by saying, "You need an older woman to put in your place"- Vicki was five years older than Steve.

He pointed out places they had been to an reminisced, picking up photos that lay on the dash to gaze at them.

"These are the last momentos I have of us", he said as he finally passed the mysterious photos.

"Horsin' around at a frontier park back there in Phoenix."

The photos were of wooden cutouts at an amusement park, the type you put your head through- Vicki was afat lady holding a marriage licence and baout to pull the hangman's noose that was around Stev's face. Vicki was a female equivalent of Steve, pleasantly plump and they both looked full of life.

We pulled into a gas station and Steve suggested that we have something to eat. Over breakfast Steve forgot his problems for a while and we got to know each other a little better. Steve told me of his work with airline equipment and how it took him all over the world including my home, Australia. After his fifth cup of coffee he picked up the bill and we were on our way.

The rest of the trip was spent mostly in silence, the soundtrack still played country only to be broken by Steve repeating, "Yep, I'm really going to have to look this one over."

Having crossed the California border long ago we were approaching L.A. rapidly, suddenly the soundtrack changed from country to classical piano that was very soothing.

"This is my wife playing," Steve announced.

The sound was very professional, Steve told me of how she loved to play, even making one ot two records at a friends studio just for fun.

On the outskirts of L.A. Steve pulled off the Interstate Ten, we shook hands and thanked each other appreciatively. Steve slipped back into the midday traffic as I stood in the hot dirty Californian day.

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the tobacco smoke tinge of wednesday

D.J. Douglas-Robertson

He escorted his sad clothes into the laundromat,
keeping them at bay with a lonely
styrofoam cup full of detergent,
and a small tin of International Roast.

The clothes he wore he commanded with grace,
but a touch less discipline.
A brown suit coat frayed around the edges,
an off white (in places) shirt.
A pair of tan trousers with wet cuffs
(that had proved to be somewhat boisterous
by jumping in the puddles of that afternoon rain).

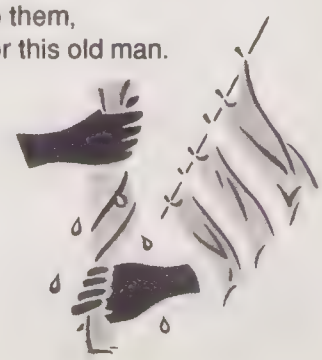
The washing machines stood in a line,
somehow at attention,
saluting him with their lids raised.
He closely inspected each.

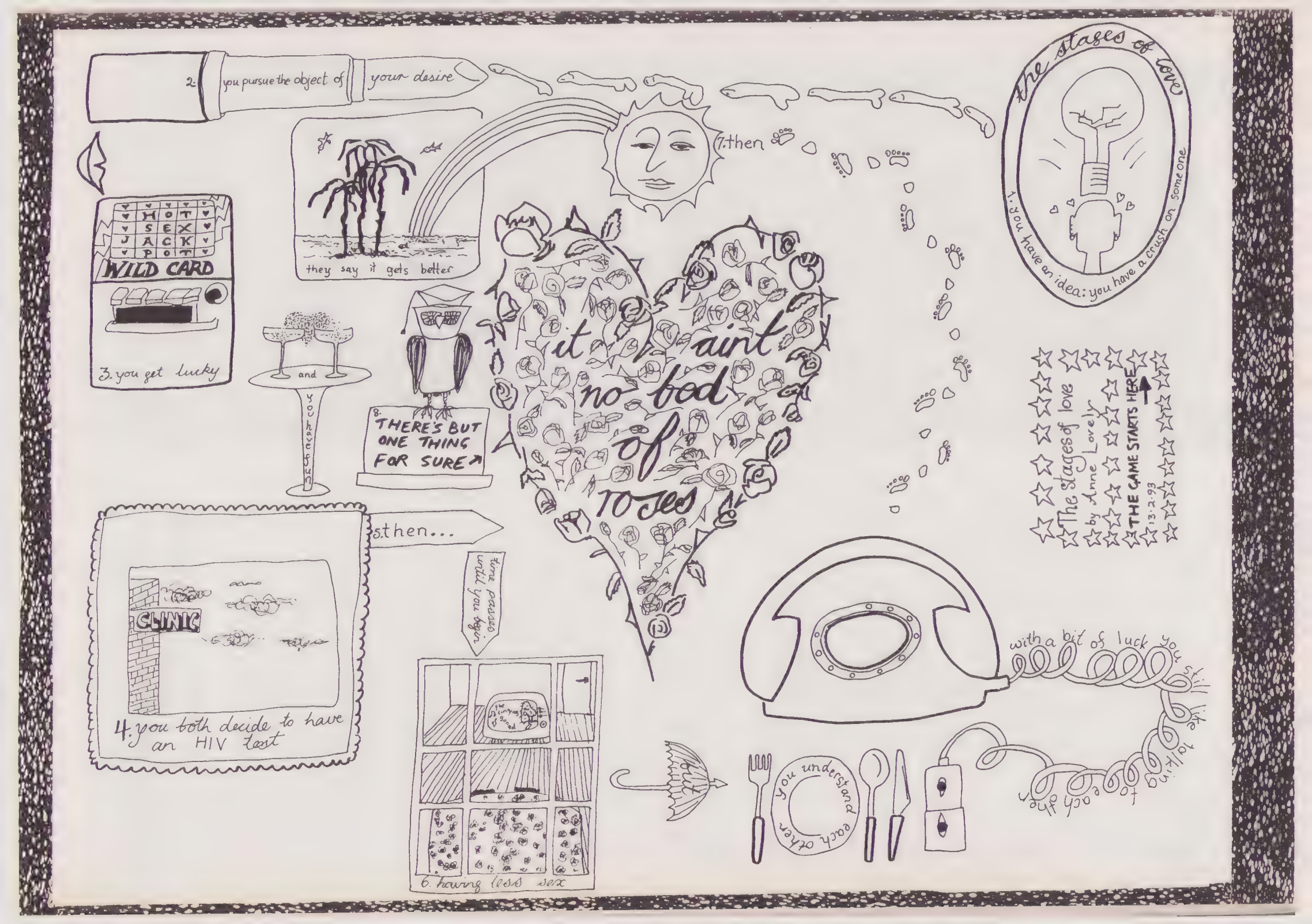
Upon deciding which machine was to be used
(no volunteers asked for)
he directed his sad clothes in
by up ending the bag in which they were contained,
then poured the cup of detergent over them to ease their misery.

He closed the lid and pushed in the token,
the machine grumbled and hissed it's way into it's cycle.
He turned to the empty styrofoam cup and the coffee tin,
then to the hot water tap over the basin.

He lifted his free hand to his forehead,
brushing the smoke stained grey fringe back over his head,
then raised the luke warm coffee to his lips.
The washing machine continued to splutter.

His eyes were frosty blue,
cold with years of disrespect.
Time had gouged away at his face
and left it wrinkled and unhappy,
but his clothes would soon be happy,
they would be clean,
a new lease of life washed into them,
and they would do the same for this old man.




the stages of love
1. you have an idea: you have a crush on someone
2. you pursue the object of your desire
they say it gets better
7. then
WILD CARD
3. you get lucky
and
you have sex
8. THERE'S BUT ONE THING FOR SURE
it ain't no bed of roses
The stages of love
by Anne Lovely
13.2.93
THE GAME STARTS HERE
5. then...
CLINIC
4. you both decide to have an HIV test
time passes until you begin
6. having less sex
you understand each other
with a bit of luck you still like each other

Joe Lafferty

Reggie I'm A Big Boy Now

Steve King

He was the dream lover of radicalism with a back pocket knife and a Henry Miller quote to suit any occasion. Mixed up somewhere between Dr Martens and the Four Tops. You saw things differently after the explosion in the punk rock bike shed.....or so they said. All he saw was his first spin into the wall. It felt good. It made it all fit into place. It was all part of a grander scheme - like a bookshelf of Nietzche and the autobiography of Malcolm X. Late at night behind the bookshelf he would crawl into the eyes of Charlie Manson's swastika and shoot poisoned arrows at the world. He slithered out laughing pistol pain tattooed under his belt and dead junkies clinging to his leather jacket. This was it he howled with concrete eyes. It was starting to burn. It was starting to melt. This was hot buttered abyss in action.

In the southern lands police and thieves pay each other off. Would be thought stormtroopers and the duckers & divers who would steal your smile for a laugh at the pub. He still sees them from his mountain; the time bomb goddesses and the jack off effeminate lads. You can count on them. They are wherever he looks on the travelling grind. There is a crumbling in the air, and HE feels like dancing on graves.

In the autumn winds a cat sleeps amidst socialist papers underneath a Ku Klux feminists car, outside the rented house of a nazi vegan and during the 15 fame filled minutes of a wimpy fanzine writer....Where will *you* run when the cats are on the prowl? Get outside, even if tattoos are trendy these days.

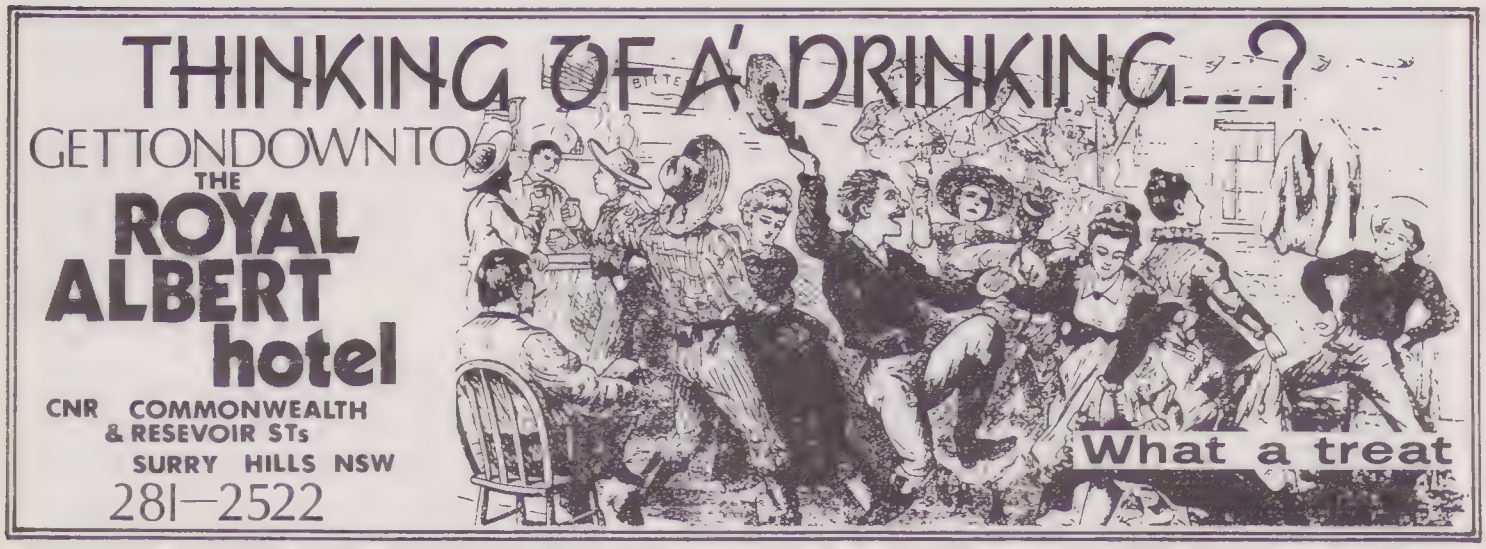
Q: Why did the chicken cross the road?

A: Because HE kicked his fucking head in. From the citadel the Father of Skins is ready for the slaughter, ready for the dancing, ready for the Rites of Pan.

But some things never change;

"Imagine having nothing on your hands but your destiny. You sit on your mother's womb and you kill time - or time it kills you. You sit there chanting the doxology of things beyond your grasp. Outside. Forever outside."

- Henry Miller



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CAFE LIBANAIS

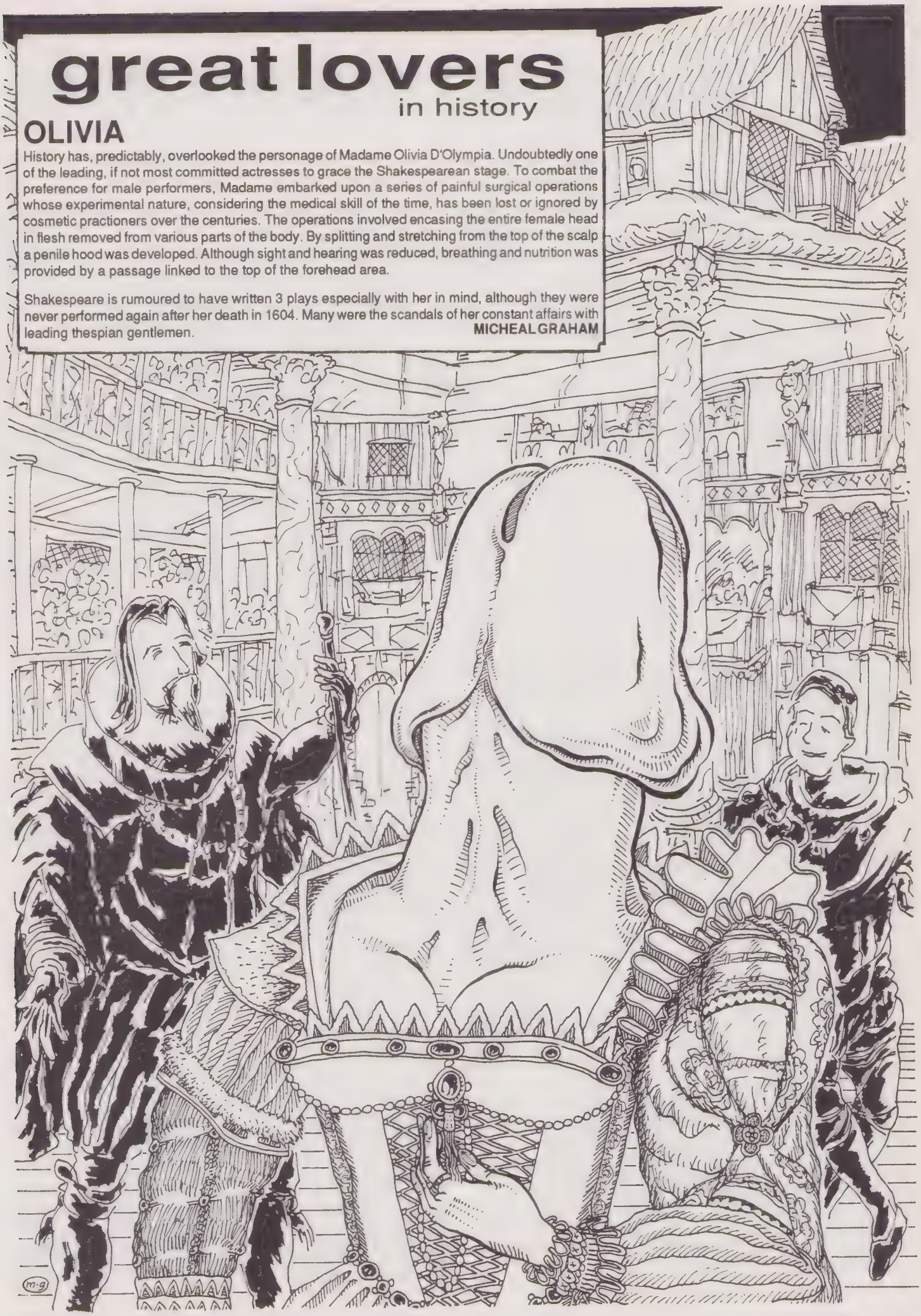
great lovers
in history

OLIVIA

History has, predictably, overlooked the personage of Madame Olivia D'Olympia. Undoubtedly one of the leading, if not most committed actresses to grace the Shakespearean stage. To combat the preference for male performers, Madame embarked upon a series of painful surgical operations whose experimental nature, considering the medical skill of the time, has been lost or ignored by cosmetic practioners over the centuries. The operations involved encasing the entire female head in flesh removed from various parts of the body. By splitting and stretching from the top of the scalp a penile hood was developed. Although sight and hearing was reduced, breathing and nutrition was provided by a passage linked to the top of the forehead area.

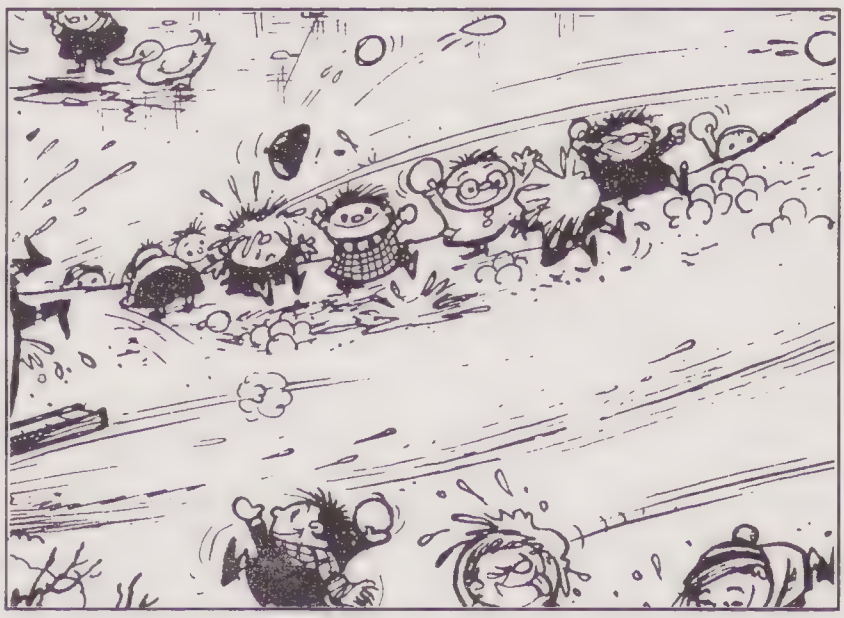
Shakespeare is rumoured to have written 3 plays especially with her in mind, although they were never performed again after her death in 1604. Many were the scandals of her constant affairs with leading thespian gentlemen.

MICHEAL GRAHAM



the battle of the

Patrick Whitman



The first serious beating I was ever on the wrong end of was delivered by a kid called Brian McTaggart. I also hold accountable one Harold Bakelite, the cruellest and most destructive educator I have ever known. He was a plump, untidy man, given to fluffy yellow jumpers and unimaginative children. The worst part of the clobbering I copped was not the nasty abrasions my mother tended that night, or even the destruction of the first meaningful relationship of my adolescence. What appears to others as just another schoolyard ragging I know now after a decade of therapy to be a psychological holocaust of the first order, the key debilitative event of my life. This is the story of a story that need never have been told that must be told, and being told, be forgotten.

The angry face, fists and Bata Scouts of Brian McTaggart still punctuate my dreams. He was the sort of kid who would make your life a desert if he found out your middle name was Annabelle or Walter or something.Dozens of children of all ages shunned the Maryfield 3.42, choosing to pay the extra fifty cents on the train and walk the dusty half-mile instead of suffering McTaggart's regular afternoon ritual of taunts. One such kid was my new best friend, Briony Ironside. She was a little shy and wore glasses, which I guess qualifies her as a primary school loser. I had discovered, however, that she was committed to science fiction, had an easy intimacy with every pinball machine on Armbruster Street and one time smoked a whole half packet of Longbeach at the R.S.L. Apex Park without becoming ill. I think I may have worshipped her.

Our friendship bloomed into literacy between the Gooburrum and Widjee stations, as we'd sink beneath the seats and indulge our childhood passion for obscenity. I'd relate my latest intergalactic saga, this one an epic struggle between two ancient disembodied brains surgically implanted in great robot war-planets, dedicated to total mutual destruction via bone melting protein bombs. Music by Ornette Coleman, sets by Oppenheimer. Bakelite had set us an essay that exuded all his usual flair - "A Battle to the Death". Briony had produced a short piece about a planet orbiting an imploding sun, which on closer inspection proved to be a bitingly open lampoon on the research methods of Mrs Warrenty, the Social Studies mistress. I suppose even this tired topic was an improvement for sad Harold Bakelite, who so far that year had imposed upon us a Wild Day on the Water, the Fireworks Display, Never So Scared, My Country Cousin and a Lucky Coin.

(and now to hear myself succumbing to the babbled voices of dream speech/ image-as-self and word-made-lie/ how others say they see the real me and what the real me feels about what the others say about the me-they-don't-know/ nothing to be received or transmitted/ nothing spoken written or possessed/ complete discourse breakdown/ lost at last in the world's word desert/ a disembodied idiot savane faculty for fantastic fanatic constructs of anti-language/ or "How an English Essay Ruined My Life")

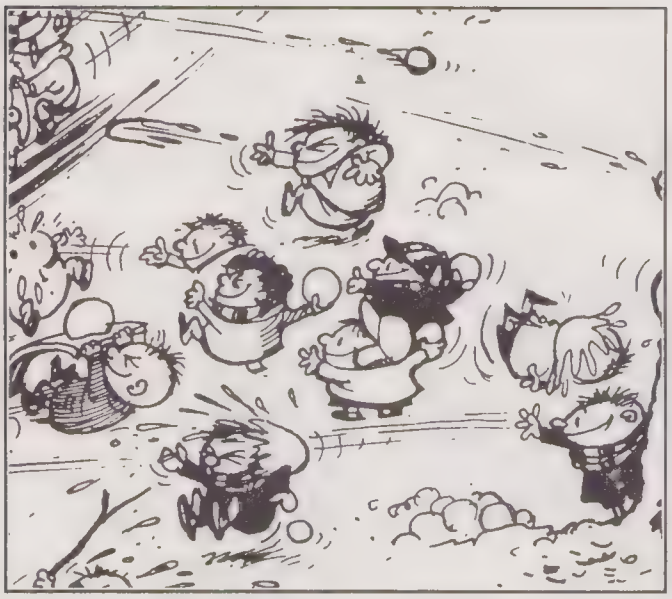
Bakelite read to the class Andrea Pandarrer's tender study of her cat Spukums and a doomed but courageous butterfly, then Julio Ruttio's forceful piece on the dangers of operating garden machinery whilst under the influence of alcohol. Soon he started to turn nasty, warming up on a vignette by one of McTaggart's lesser goons, Gregory Goggins. His major criticisms were, as i recall, grammar, penmanship and Greg's ongoing fascination with the motorcycling motif. Personally, I thought his presentation of the final moments of a southern suburbs street circuit time-trial was suitably punchy and aggressive.

"One essay in particular, however claimed my undivided attention, mainly and chiefly by virtue of its amazing title. What, do we suppose, is the Battle of the Brians?"

Honestly, I had no idea. I looked on in happy humming ignorance.

"The muscle bound mutant slid the pitch black brain bucket over Champion's pulsating frontal lobes. . . hmmm . . . quite revolting. . . in my own mind i certainly feel cofident that this isn't the right sort of thing at all."

Brians



I knew something, somehow was terribly wrong. In that moment I believe I heard the entire perceived universe pause and draw in its imaginary breath. Unfortunately, I believed it was waiting for someone else to speak.

"I had hapoed for a more noble Battle of the Brians, where the forces of light and kindness, led by the good Queen Mary of Ironsides, fight a battle to the death with the forces of disinterest and ignorance, led by King Brian of McTaggart, the great warrior-king to lazy to test himself in real battle."

Everything stiffened. I remember overpowering blue flashes and staring children. I can still hear that cruel voice, high as ice and deep as a child's thighbone, meaningless as someone else's dreams. Still I had not realized I'd misspelled the word 'brains' in 'The Battle of the Brains'.

"You must think about what you are saying and writing in the very moment you are saying and writing it. If you think you can use whatever words you want, however and whenever you want, just to make up stupid little stories and nonsense this that can tell no-one nothing just to fill up your own and other people's heads with fantasy, nonsense and lies, you'll soon learn in the real world that you're not fooling them, or the rest of the world, and you certainly do not fool me - you're only fooling yourself."

It seems only a few minutes later that i was a different child altogether, lying beneath the drinking taps bleeding. The rejuvenated warrior-king had already verbally sloughed off his torpor on to Queen Ironsides the Misspoken, hurt worse than I by fantasy, nonsense and lies. The victorious, word-splattered King ran off triumphantly into the illiterate speechless streets.

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Artwork: Cairo Walker

Text: Kerri Ambler

and then there were three

Mark Elder

LOST IN SPACE

Fog. Grey fog. Spinning grey fog. A little boy (himself? not sure) flying. No, running. Oh, yes, uh he's flying. He's flying, fleeing, flyeeing. Ohhnga, head hurts. Little boy flyeeing from...what? Hitting. Something hitting his head. Witch is screaming. Sticks flailing. Sick, Oh God. Head getting smaller. Tighter. Stomach churning. Greasy spinning.

" Christ !"

"Ow shit"

"Nooo, fuggid!"

Max cartwheeled off the hot surface, face and hands stinging. For what seemed like an eternity he spiralled backwards through the air. "Wow!", he thought dopily, "I'm flying!" He came back to earth, literally, as his head hit the road with a crack. Countless scissors probed his sullen brain looking for nerve endings to torture. He lay there suffering the aftershocks of a thousand different layers of pain.

What the hell was happening to him? Where was he and how did he get to be in this disgusting state? Halfsitting, he looked up and slowly focussed on the metallic mosaic of his car's front grille. "Christ, " he thought, "did I drive home?"

Slowly and stupidly he realised that he had driven somewhere but he wasn't quite sure where. It dawned on him that he had also fallen asleep on the bonnet of his car. He must have unconscious there for hours, because the car had been baking in the early summer heat and this is what woke him up. He must have moved slightly, burning his face then his hands, back to his face again and so on. He must have looked like a suit full of mating ferrets bouncing around on the bonnet of his car. The thought made him laugh which made his head hurt so much that he dry-retched from the pain. When the violent stomach contractions had stopped he tried to work out where the hell he was. He looked across the footpath and into the front yard of the modest brick home beyond it. His eyes locked on a tap not more than 2 metres away. It slid away into the distance as a feeling of absolute dehydration surrounded him. He had to get to that tap, to clear his head and ease the pressure on his skull.

After a series of complicated and highly unnecessary spastic movements, Max lay prone on the ground with the full force of the cool water pummelling his face.

DOGGED BY DISAPPOINTMENT

"What on earth have you done to your car?", Patricia demanded. Max looked up from the newspaper and sighed. Some days his mother seemed to be permanently demanding. And since, at the age of thirty five, he'd finally moved into a place of his own he sensed an added layer of tension to their already tortuous relationship. He noticed that she was wearing a navy blue wool suit (probably by Ralph Lauren) that he hadn't seen before. At fifty six Patricia had the sort of build that preppies would describe as 'hardbody', she was lean and wiry almost muscular. She looked terrific, if not a little severe.

She shifted her weight from one foot to another as Patrick folded the paper and stood up.

"Well, it's lovely to see you mother," he intoned automatically, "and what in hell's name are you talking about? Can I get you a cup of..."

"If you don't know what I'm talking about then you're a bigger fool than I thought you were. In case you had been too preoccupied with this pigsty to look, your BMW has a frightful ding in the left front panel. And yes I'd love a cup of tea but I'll make it. You make atrocious tea." and with that she left the room. Max could hear her in the kitchen making a lot of noise, trying to sound efficient. What made it worse was the fact that she was so bloody efficient

He quietly slipped out the front door and into the pre-cool dusk air. His slippered feet scrunched loudly as he took a shortcut across the small Japanese-style meditation garden to the drive-way. He approached the back of his car from the right hand side. The tangy scent of eucalypts wafted around his face and he stopped to take in the rich purple shadows contrasting with the golden-orange of the rapidly setting sun. "God I love this time of year'" he said to no-one in particular.

"Who are you taking to?" Patricia barked from the front door, snapping Max out of his reverie. He hurried round to the front left side of the BMW anxious to survey the damage before his mother came down. It was then that he saw the ugly jade green gash running along the front panel nearly slicing it in half. "Bloody hell" he thought to himself, "I didn't notice that when I got home this morning". he sighed a I-don't-need-this-crap sigh and went back inside.

His mother looked like she was just about to launch into one of her diatribes when the phone rang. Gratefully he scooped up the receiver.

"Um, hello".

"I'd like to speak to Maxwell Watkins". Female voice. Youngish. Tense sounding.

"You're speaking to him and it's just Max, actually."

"Who is it Maxy, calling at this time on a Sunday night?"

"For God's sake mother. Sssh! I'm sorry. Who's speaking please?"

"My name is Stephanie Jacobson and I'm ringing about my car..." She left the statement hanging in the air waiting for Max to continue.

"Um your car? I'm sorry I don't...

"Look!", she cut in impatiently"I came out of Rogues last night to find my car had been sideswiped. Then I saw your business card tucked into my windscreen wiper and I thought that there is indeed a God. Now I ring you up and you're vaguing out on me".

It all started coming back to Max. "Night out with Hugo, Johnson, Timothy and some loutish friends of Nicks from Queensland. Showing them the town or some such rubbish. Not that we needed to- they knew the bloody town better than we did. Too much to drink. Did Nick really leave with that boy? Last thing I remember was Long Island Iced Teas at Jo Jo Ivories then, then... nothing", his mind scrambled. Back and forth. Looking for information, coming up with scratchy blanks. He noticed his

mother arching her right eyebrow in his direction. He smiled wanly and her face hardened. Feeling tired and drained he waved her away. She didn't move. He wasn't even sure that she was still breathing.

" No, oh no, it's not that at all", he said. "I just had an unusually rough night. It, er, it was abit, um, rowdy and..."

"Look, you do have insurance don't you?" she cut in again.

THE COMPANY OF WOLVES

"What's a seven letter word for South American Iguana?"

"It was a dull headachey Thursday and unhappily, Max was at work. Lunchtime was an eternity away but, already, he was fading fast. He'd met that girl-God what was her nameagain?-last night and they'd finalised the insurance arrangements about that bloody car of hers. The whole affair had been excruciatingly embarrassing for Max and he was damn keen to see the back of it. Stephanie-yes, that was her name-had been rather good about it, all things considered. She'd given him a good roasting at first for being "an irresponsible dickhead" but after that she'd been quite polite.

"Hey Max. What's a three letter word meaning Troll's surprise? Hello...Earth to Max. Earth to Max are you reading me?

Max snapped out of his reverie and gave Hodgkins a look of mild disdain.

"Really Dennis, if you think that I haven't got better things to do than help you with your juvenile crosswords then you've got..."

"Oh shut-up Max. You can be such a drip at times, and you can stop staring at me with such a look of mild disdain. You've been gazing out that bloody window for the last twenty minutes. If I didn't know you better, I'd swear that you were thinking about some girly."

Max felt his blood supply start an instant and unstoppable stampede to the top of his head. Like some sort of bubbling peak hour, his corpuscles surged into the vacuum had been created in his cheeks by his own embarrasment. He knew, painfully, that he was going redder and redder. And as small beads of perspiration dotted his upper lip, he wished that he could just whip out some casually, scathing retort that would shut Dennis up for the next hour or so. Instead he just coughed and harrumphed and finally said something like "ohdon'tbesojuvenile".

Dennis sighed and put the newspaper down. He looked at Max and shook his head. "You really are going to have to stop getting so embarrased every time someone mentions females. Look, I know that you're not queer, because I'm such a handsome bastard that you would have put the word on me by now". He guffawed heartily at that, intensely pleased at the irony of his own joke. He was a short, red headed little man who was one cream bun away from becoming dangerously obese. He had a tendency to sweat a lot and his two main interests seemed to be wordgames and farting.

Dennis stopped laughing when he could see that Max was not amused. He leaned across his abysmally untidy desk and waved Max to come closer.

"We're having dinner with a client of Heather's tonight and it seems her date has walked under a bus or somesuch rubbish, and we were wondering if perhaps you could make up the fourth..."

"No way. You've got to be kidding. Not after the last time. I mean Christ, Dennis why do you keep doing this?" Max stood up to get a cup of coffee suddenly feeling claustrophobic by Dennis' considerable presence. "sometimes you're as bad as my mother. Why is everybody always try to control my life?"

Dennis shrugged. "Maybe it's because you're a thirty six year old man who still has his lunch money tied up in his hanky".

Max laughed halfway through gulping a mouthful of coffee which sent it jetting out his nose.

"Well, what's she like? Max said relenting.

"I've no idea. Apparently she's Financial Controller for the media arm of Hoyts or something like that. Anyway Heather says that she's a dream on a stick".

"Yes, but we all know about Heather's taste. Just look at you for God's sake",Max said laughing. "At least she sounds better than the last one. Remember her, the fashion stylist. She kept bleating Armani, Armani all night like it was a bloody mantra"

"So does that mean that you'll come?"

"Well alright, but it's your shout".

Dennis grimaced and gave him the finger.

WHINING AND DINING

Later that evening Max found himself sitting with Heather and Dennis at the back bar of a popualr seafood restaurant at Watson's Bay. They'd been sitting there for nearly an hour, their table still wasn't ready and Max's blind date hadn't made an appearance.

"Look, I don't really feel like this crap tonight. Why don't you two lovebirds have a romantic dinner by yourselves. I don't think that Vampirella's going to make an appearance," Max said testily rubbing his forehead.

He looked up to see Heather making faces at him.

"Sorry I'm late but I had to drrrink some blood, dahlink", purred a voice from behind him.

Max whirled around spluttering apologies, nearly falling off his stool. He found himself face to face with Stephanie, the owner of the car he'd sideswiped.

"Oh no!" they both said in unison.

"Don't tell me that you two know each other," Heather smirked.

"Not really, I only know that he couldn't drive in a pink fit." Stephanie scowled.

"At least I left my name there. Most people would have just pissed off.

"Well, alright then. You're a crappy driver with an honest face." She laughed. Max tried to think of something witty to say, but as usual it eluded him. He was saved from looking like a humourless twit by the maitre d announcing that their table was finally ready.

During the meal the conversation slipped into an easygoing, relaxed banter and Max found himself warming considerably to Stephanie. She was intelligent, attractive and her self confidence reminded him of his mother. The similarity ended there, however, as Stephanie exuded a warmth and sensuality that he'd never seen in Patricia.

"So what happened to Mr. Fabulous tonight?" Dennis asked arching one eyebrow and looking more than a little queer. "You mean Peter? God that wasn't a relationship, I felt like I was going out with a cadaver." Stephanie put down her fork and flicked back

her brilliant red hair. She leaned forward conspiratorially." He said to me- can you believe this?- 'I'm too busy for sex'. What a wimp. I still can't believe what a Mummy's boy he was."

Dennis suddenly became very interested in his meal and Heather quickly launched into a fascinating diatribe on Ecuadorial silt displacement. Max just smiled at Stephanie stupidly.

After dinner Dennis and Heather excused themselves, mumbling something about babysitters. Stephanie ordered another coffee as she watched them grab their coats from the front door. "I think they're trying to set us up. They're not usually in such a hurry to get home," she said laughing.

"It certainly seems that way," said Max desperately trying not to blush. "Um, I'd give you a lift home but I only put my car in to be fixed this morning and..."

Stephanie cut him off, waving her arms in mock horror. "There is no way I'd get in the car with you. I've seen the damage you can wreak. Besides you don't live that far from me and I've got my car, so allow me".

A short while later they drove into the driveway of Max's house. They arranged to meet later in the week to see a movie and Max started to get out of the car, fumbling for his keys.

"Aren't you going to invite me in for coffee? Thats not polite," asked Stephanie leaning across the passengers seat. Max looked embarrassed and said "Well I didn't that was the correct thing to do on a first date but if you'd..."

Stephanie bounded out of the car laughing. "We werent' on a date and yes, I'd love to come in for coffee".

Much later they were lying in bed gasping and sweating, deperately trying to catch their breaths. One of Max's feet was still tied to the base of the bed and Stephanie was lying upside down with the top half of her body hanging off the mattress. She slid down further till her head hit the carpet and pieces of mango and coconut oil slid off her breasts onto her neck. She sat up and looked at Max who seemed to be in a state of shock. "God I really needed that!" she panted, trying to slow her breath down.

"Do you do this sort of thing often?" Max asked while he covered himself with an extremely sticky sheet.

"No, of course I don't, " Stephanie replied looking more than a little offended. "But you invited me in for coffee and everybody knows that coffee is a euphemism for sex".

"If I remember rightly, you invited yourself in and...and..."

"And what?" she stood up and glared at him with her hands on her hips.

"And... it was fantastic. I never knew that sex could be like that!"

She started to pick up her clothes. "Yeah, well it was good, but don't kid yourself fella it wasn't that good".

"Well, I don't really have a lot to compare it with," said Max sheepishly untying his foot.

"The next thing you'll tell me that you were a virgin!"

"Max stopped and shrugged, feeling very embarrassed. "Well, um that is..."

Stephanie looked at him with an amazed look on her face. "You mean to tell me that you're a thirty six year old virgin?"

"No of course not! I had sex with someone once when I was twenty-one, but it was such a disaster that I've avoided it ever since".

Stephanie's face softened and she sat on the bed next to Max. She stroked his face and said softly "You mean I'm the first person you've fucked in fifteen years? God I should be so honoured".

"Well why don't you come back to bed, I've got a lot of catching up to do".

"I'll say. Okay, this time I'll show you what a clitoris is".

"I know all about that. I watch the ABC".

BACK TO EARTH

"What in God's name is going on here?"

Maxand Stephanie sat up spluttering as icy water splashed onto their semi naked bodies. Max stared in horror at his mother who was standing next to the bed, with an empty flower vase in her hand, glaring at Stephanie.

"I'll think you'll find unless you're a complete moron, that we were asleep. Now, who the fuck are you?" growled Stephanie as she brushed soggy flowers and algae from her breasts.

"Um Stephanie, this is, ah...Patricia my mother. Um, mum this is Stephanie. We're sort of going out. That is ... " said Max as he sheepishly tried to cover himself with the wet sheet. He leant towards Stephanie and whispered "look, please try not to swear in front of Patricia it just makes her worse."

Stephanie leaped out of bed and began to angrily throw on her clothes "I don't give a rat's arse! What gives you the right to come barging in here like some undersexed dorm-bitch?"

Patricia looked at Stephanie as if she were aware of an unsavoury odour. Her top lip curled in distaste, "Max has never been in the habit of bringing home little bits of fluff before and I don't think at his age it's a good time to start now. How much does he owe you, so you can get on your bike back to wherever it is that you..."

"Mother! We've been going out together for weeks. It's not like that at all," Max whined.

Stephanie was so angry that she knew if she didn't leave she would beat the living Christ out of Max's mother. As she walked

out of the room she turned and looked at Max and said. "My God it's no wonder that you haven't been getting any for years," she glared at Patricia. "Absolutely charming to meet you ratface".

When she reached the front door she was stopped by the sound of a frenzy of slapping noises coming from the bedroom. When they stopped all she could hear was Patricia hissing "Slut! Slut!" and underneath that the sound of Max sobbing. Feeling dizzy she raced out the front door and vomitted violently into Max's pristine Japanese rock garden.

The next day Stephanie arrived at work to find her desk covered in flowers, garnished, of course, with a suitably crawly-bum apology note from Max. She sighed before dumping the whole lot in the huge bin stationed next to the photocopier. Max rang a total of frorty-seven times before she finally agreed to speak tio him at 10.45.

"What?"

"Um, look I'm sorry about er, last night. I can understand how you feel and..."

"That's soo reassuring. It's nice to know that you're an understanding sort of guy."

"There's no need to be sarcastic, " Max sniffed.

"Look Max I really don't need this crap. I've just broken up with a guy who's a total wimp, but quite frankly you make him look like an absolute brute. You're a nice guy and I really like you, but with a mother like that I really can't see any future in the relationship."

Max was somewhat taken aback by the ferocity of Stephanie's attack but he ploughed on regardless.

"Yes, yes, you're right. She is an absolute cow, and total horror story and she does try to run my life, but I'm slowly trying to disentangle myself from her. Isn't there any way that I can prove that to you?" Stephanie noticed that Max was starting to whine but she was enjoying the attention.

"Well, yes maybe there is. You said the other day that you'll be visiting you're father's grave this Saturday with your mother..."

"Yeah, it's the anniversary of his death. We go every year and..."

Stephanie cut him off.

"Well, not this year Maxy-baby. If you're serious about us then you'll have to cancel." Stephanie could nearly smell Max's fear so she purred at him in her sexiest voice, "If you like we can go away for the weekend an I can do that thing with my mouth that you love so much. And we can get some oil and mangoes and..."

"okay okay, erm I'll cancel," Max squeaked , "But Patricia can be a vicious bitch, I'd hate for her to do anything to hurt you."

"Don't even think about the old cow, just think about the weekend and start eating lots of carbohydrates."

Stephanie laughed to herself as she put down the phone "Let's see how Vampirella copes with that. Score one to me zero to Patricia."

A week later Stephanie was fired.

"How on earth did you lose your job? I thought the booking figures were looking quite good" asked Andrea as she shovelled in another wedge of Mud cake.

"Quite good my ass-they were looking bloody fantastic. No it seemed that the major shareholder didn't fancy me as a future daughter-in-law."

"Max's mother had you fired?" Andrea dropped her cafe au lait into the rest of her mud cake at the enormity of Patricia's news. "What are you going to do?"

"I've been offered a job in Melbourne, so I'm flying down tomorrow to start straight away. I'll get the rest of my stuff sent down later."

"You lucky duck, you always fall on your feet, but what about Max? Is that the end of this month's great romance?"

"I don't think we could ever have a relationship while his mother is alive and at the moment, unfortunately, she is disgustingly healthy. Max begged me to see him again, so we're having dinner tonight and since it's our last night together, I've planned something really yummy.," Stephanie laughed so much she nearly choked on her cinnamon-walnut-date loaf. "He doesn't know that I'm leaving town but he should get the message in a few days."

Andrea giggled in amazed horror as Stephanie told her what she had planned for the evening.

Much later that evening Max and Stephanie were locked in a sweaty, highly acrobatic sexual embrace on a balcony overlooking the harbour. After a delicious meal and a romantic trip back to circular quay in a water taxi Stephanie informed Max that she'd booked a room at the Regent. What she neglected to tell him was that she'd set up a voice activated video camera on top of a cupboard under some clothes. With this in mind she was coaxing some startling revelations out of Max.

"So darling, tell me about your father again," she purred as she rubbed warm macadamia oil into his nether regions,

"Do we have to talk about this tonight?" he gasped. She relaxed the pressure and then stopped rubbing.

"Not if you don't want to," she sighed.

"Alright, just dont stop,"

She giggled and continued rubbing.

"He once told me that he hated mum and oh yes, the whole family believes that he had the heart attack to get away from her."

"What do you believe Max? she said as she licked around his belly button.

"Oh God, yes I think it's probably right. I think he hated the bitch.

As her mouth went lower she asked,"And what do you think of charming Patricia?"

"I hate her. She suffocates me. Oh yes that's it don't stop. Oh God I hate the bitch."

"Do you prefer her or me? C'mon tell me the truth now," she said between mouthfuls.

"Christ. You yes definitely. Just don't stop."

Over the next two hours Stephanie managed to coax Max into calling Patricia every profanity that ever existed while simultaneously committing several hundred unspeakable sexual acts- all captured on her trusty camera.

The next morning Max woke up to find his clothes, his wallet and Stephanie gone and the bill for the room taped to the wall above the bed.

At the same time Stephanie was at the airport post office posting a video tape into an express envelope. The package was simply addressed to 'MY DARLING PATRICIA'.

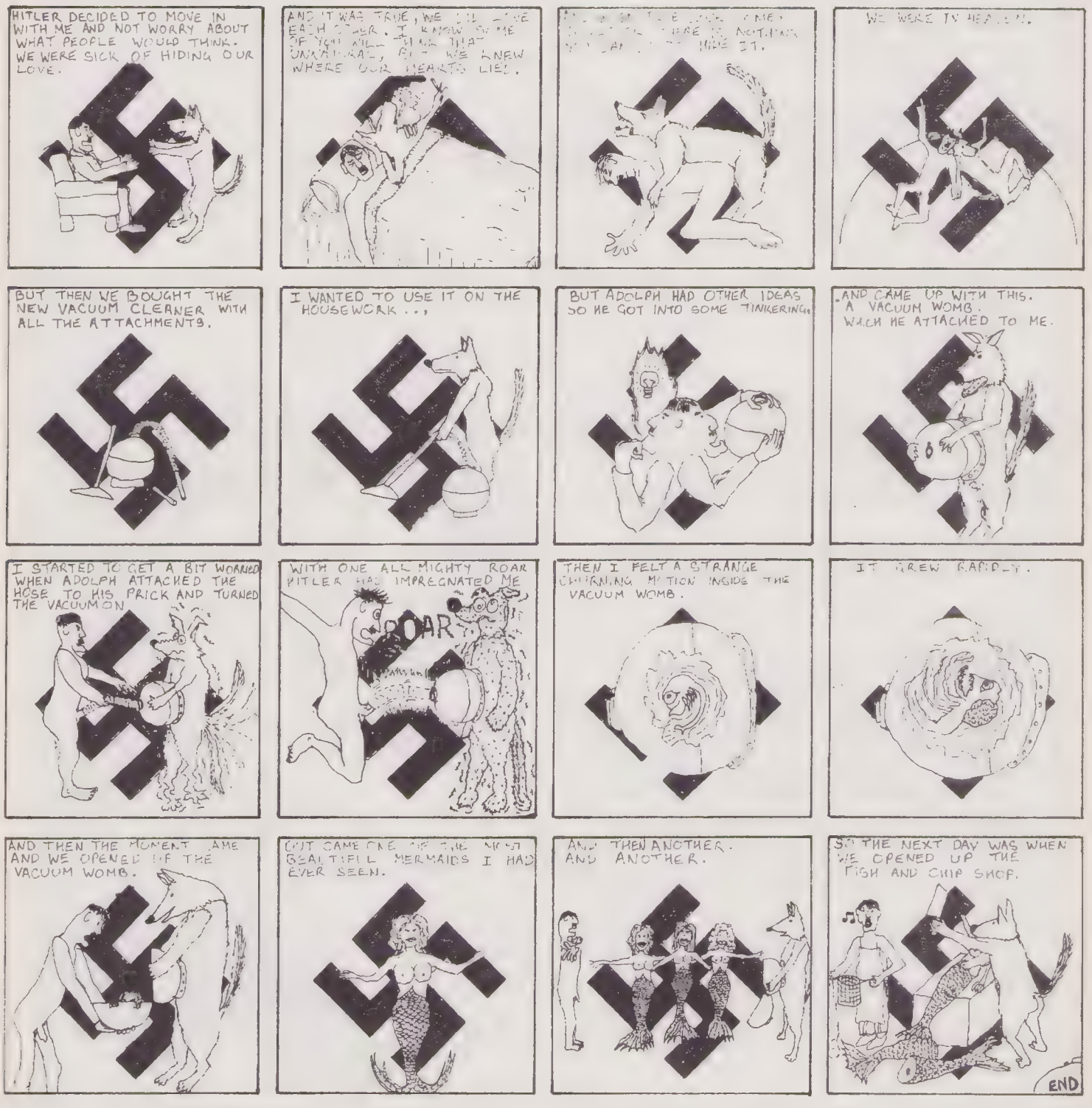
love love love love love

HITLERS LOVE CHILD

XXXXXX

John Baxter ©

3.3.92 4.3.92 5.3.92 6.3.92


HITLER DECIDED TO MOVE IN WITH ME AND NOT WORRY ABOUT WHAT PEOPLE WOULD THINK. WE WERE SICK OF HIDING OUR LOVE.
AND IT WAS TRUE, WE [illegible] EACH OTHER. I KNOW SOME OF YOU WILL THINK THAT UNNATURAL, BUT WE KNEW WHERE OUR HEARTS LIE!.
[illegible] THERE IS NOTHING [illegible] HIDE IT.
WE WERE IN HEAVEN.
BUT THEN WE BOUGHT THE NEW VACUUM CLEANER WITH ALL THE ATTACHMENTS.
I WANTED TO USE IT ON THE HOUSEWORK . . .
BUT ADOLPH HAD OTHER IDEAS SO HE GOT INTO SOME TINKERING.
AND CAME UP WITH THIS. A VACUUM WOMB. WHICH HE ATTACHED TO ME.
I STARTED TO GET A BIT WORRIED WHEN ADOLPH ATTACHED THE HOSE TO HIS PRICK AND TURNED THE VACUUM ON.
WITH ONE ALL MIGHTY ROAR HITLER HAD IMPREGNATED ME
ROAR
THEN I FELT A STRANGE CHURNING MOTION INSIDE THE VACUUM WOMB.
IT GREW RAPIDLY.
AND THEN THE MOMENT CAME AND WE OPENED UP THE VACUUM WOMB.
OUT CAME ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MERMAIDS I HAD EVER SEEN.
AND THEN ANOTHER. AND ANOTHER.
SO THE NEXT DAY WAS WHEN WE OPENED UP THE FISH AND CHIP SHOP.
END

the Magazine ...

EDDIE the Magazine is the flagship of **Extraordinary Media Productions** (EMP). The staff of EMP are all skilled and creatively inspired in a range of fields and are keen to offer their services to the world of art and commerce. Please contact the EMP office on: (02) 516 2451; or write to The Public Officer, **Extraordinary Media Productions**, PO Box 199, Newtown 2042. All inquiries will remain confidential and will be transmitted to the staff member(s) concerned.

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EMP

When enthralled young eyes glisten with excitement...

there's a copy of EDDIE somewhere in the house!

WOW! NOW SAY IT ON A T-SHIRT IN COLOR!

e,d,d,i,e

Now you just sit back and wait for the postman to arrive.

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PLEASE PRINT

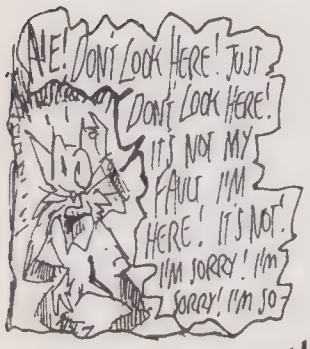
Letters Page

EDDIE
(AND NO i AINT GONNA GO INTO A PYTHON ROUTINE)

i WONT GO INTO a SUCK WEASEL ROUTINE (SOFTEN 'EM UP, THEN THROW 'EM THE GROVEL-) SUFFICE TO SAY THAT EDDIES a GODDAMN SLICK PIECE OF BIZNESS THATS STILL GOT its INGRATIATING ROOTS INTACT - THE ONLY PROBLEMS BEING THE TYPICAL CLIPPED STREETWISE CYNICISM POSING AS WRITING IN SOME PIECES - OR LOW LIFE LITERARY AMBITIONS · i CAN UNDERSTAND THAT - HAPPENS TO the BEST OF US - AND then THERES PASCAL - LOUSY DOODLINGS WITH TYPICAL AMBIGUOUS OVERTONES · SUB NAIVE SHIT - COULDNT YOU at LEAST GET A BARGAIN BASEMENT RORY HAYES?? PRODUCTION ON THE ARTISTS-IN-RESIDENCE IS SUPERB! YOU GUYS REALLY GETCHA GOVERNMENT GRANTS WORTH, DONTCHA ?

LASTLY, LAST TIME i WROTE i MADE OVERTURES ABOUT OZCON ONE - THIS TIME i'LL NOT MAKE that MISTAKE - i'M GOING CAUSE OF THE CHANCE to MEET SOME COOL FELLOW CARTOONISTS AND SWAP MINIS LIKE JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN CARDS - NOT BECAUSE OF THE CRETIN CONTINGENT - JEEZUZ - DID i GET DEPRESSED LAST YEAR. FUCKIN' THICKHEADED SLUGS -

ANYHOW,
BEST - WHATEVER THAT MEANS -



GERARD ASHWORTH 7/3

Dear Friend:
Thank you for writing. We hope you like this picture of the whole gang as much as we enjoy finding mail like yours in the ranch mail box.
Many Happy Trails,
Roy, Dale, Trigger & Bullet

Eddietors Reply

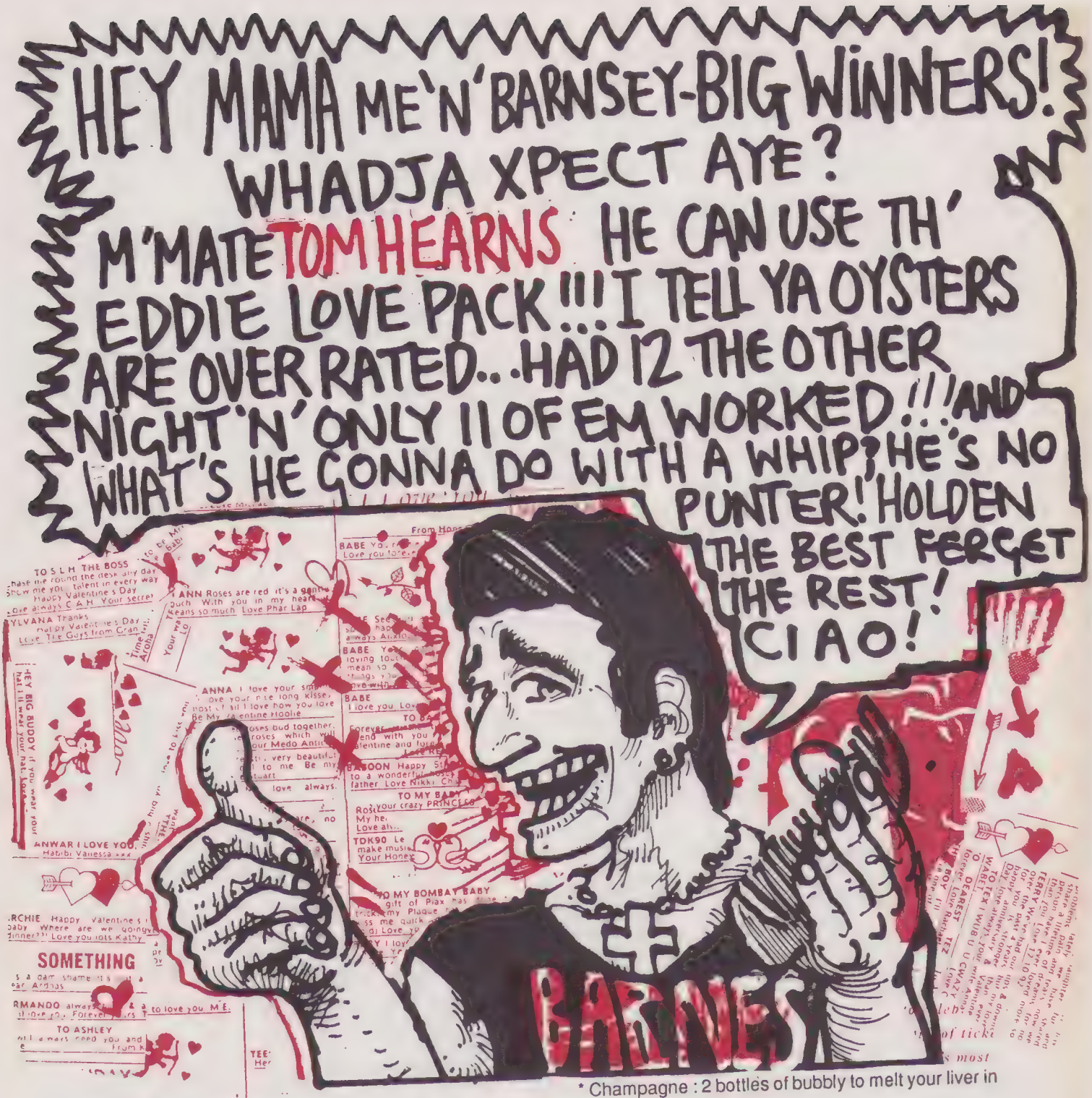
DEAR GERARD, THANKS FOR YOUR COMMENTS, BUT WE'D LIKE TO LET YOU IN ON a LITTLE SECRET... WE DON'T GET a FUCKIN' BRASS RAZOO FROM ANY GRANTS BODY/BODIES/PERSON... WE PAY OUR WAY.... JUST.... SOUND OF VIOLINS IN BACKGROUND.....

P.S. WHO THE FUCK IS RORY HAYES ??

P.P.S. LAY OFF PASCAL, HES a BETTER MAN THAN YOU GUNGADIN..... WE a WAIT YOUR REPLY WITH BAITED BREATH AND CLAMMY ARMPITS... ASLEEP at the WHEEL...

P.P.P.S CAUGHT LUCKY OCEANS at the ANNANDALE HOTEL... HOT SHIT !!!

GERARD ASHWORTH PUBLISHES at AN ALARMING RATE..... his WORK INCLUDES 'ELECTRIC FERRET' and he is CO-EDITOR of 'NERVOUS BREAKDOWN'... his CONTACT IS:
GERARD ASHWORTH - 7/70 QUEENSCLIFF ROAD, QUEENSCLIFF, 2096


HEY MAMA ME'N'BARNSEY-BIG WINNERS!
WHADJA XPECT AYE?
M'MATE TOM HEARNS HE CAN USE TH'
EDDIE LOVE PACK!!! I TELL YA OYSTERS
ARE OVER RATED...HAD 12 THE OTHER
NIGHT'N'ONLY 11 OF EM WORKED!!! AND
WHAT'S HE GONNA DO WITH A WHIP? HE'S NO
PUNTER! HOLDEN
THE BEST FERGET
THE REST!
CIAO!
BARNES

In the name of love we present the Eddie Luv Pack(c).

Expressly designed for that special evening, when some bits glisten and the others glow.

VOILA!- the LUV Pack...

*2 dozen unopened Sydney rock oysters, knife and glove...supplied by the world famous afficionados of fish: THE FLYING SQUID BROTHERS.

* Champagne : 2 bottles of bubbly to melt your liver in the nicest possible way.
* Candles: To promote that sultry atmosphere, and to hide your complexion from the object of your desire.
* Candle Holders: Of a classic St.Vinnie vintage, purchased for your unique personality and tastes.
* Generic Whip and accessories

WORKING CLASS BOY WAS the most moving, happy, tragic or downright filthy tale of love we've ever had the pleasure to paw.

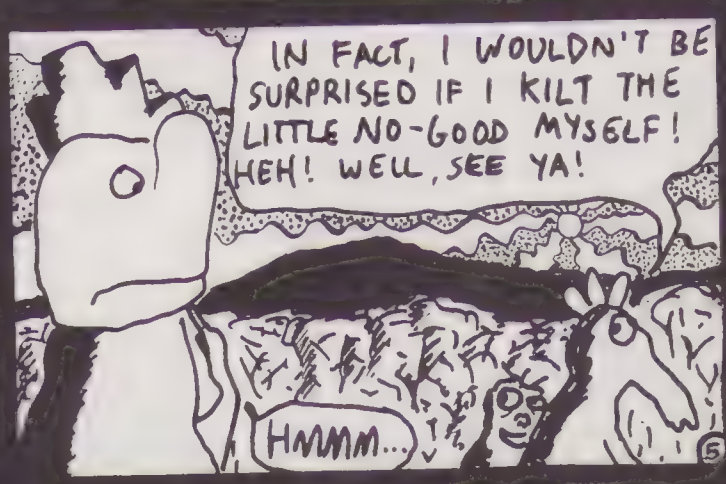
And the Decision of the Judges is Final

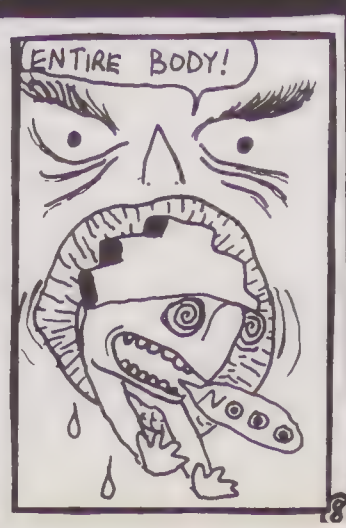
Shallow

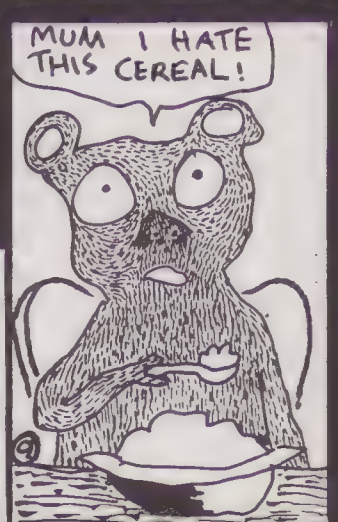
STILL COMATOSE (STILL!), PASCAL CONTINUES TO REVIEW HIS LOW TWISTED LIFE

4

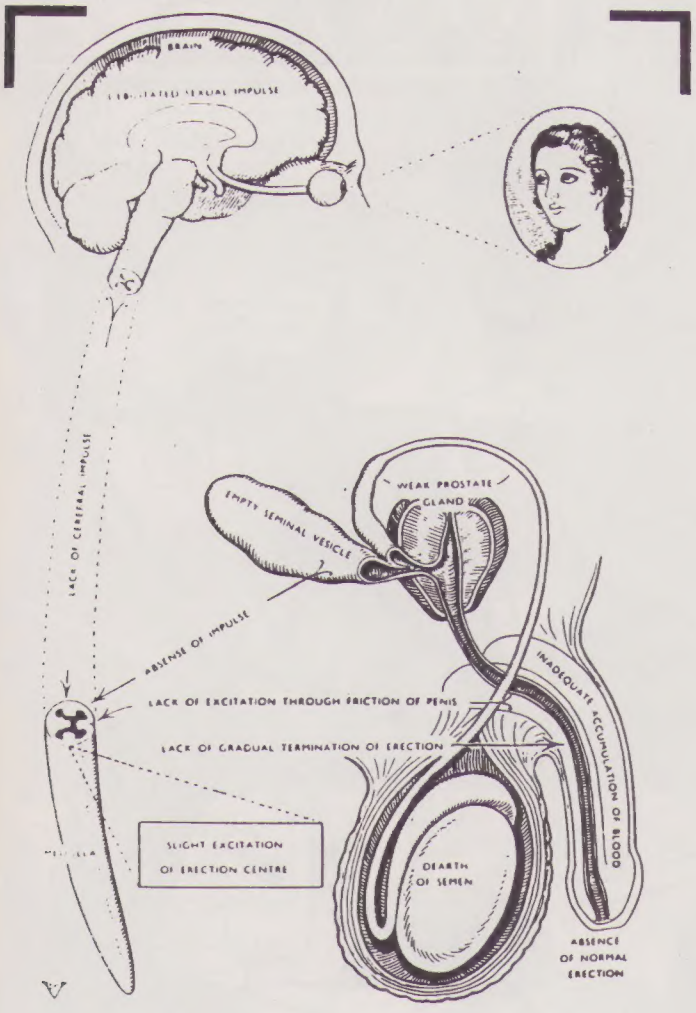
I'M SHOCKED YOU CAN THINK ABOUT FISHING SO SOON AFTER DISCOVERING LUCY-LOO'S BODY AT THE RIVER TOM!
HEH! WELL, YOU KNOW ME, PASCAL... EXTRAORDINARILY CALLOUS, ALWAYS HAVE BIN...







Grave
[Slightly higher, country]
ONE OF THESE PLEASE MR. VAN PATTEN
SURE, LINDY LOO. HAVE YOU HEARD THERE'S A SPECIAL OFFER ON THESE?
10
:shallow:grave
12
A FREE COMPACT ROBOT WITH EVERY PURCHASE!
MISTRESS...
COOL!
13
BIG WHOOP!
Sanitarium
FLAVOURED CRIMPED
WEE PUFFS
10
WHAT
. . . cementing
Product
11
THAT REMINDS ME, LINDY LOO. HAVE YOU SEEN PASCAL?
NO SIR MR. VAN P. I HOPE HE AINT BIN EATEN BY LOOBY LOO AGIN.
14
AARGH! WHO LEFT THAT DAMN...
16
FLUMP
17
GOD IT FEELS GOOD TO EAT A WHOLE MAN
15
FREEDOM! IF ONLY I CAN...
TO BE CONTINUED!
UG GUFF MNUF
18
© D. Nichols 93



Schematic illustration of impotence due to functional defects, both psychological and organic

NOTIONS AND LOTIONS
LATEX AND LEATHER
THE PINK PUSSYCAT BOUTIQUE
SEND $4.00 FOR CATALOGUE
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AGONY AUNT

Dear Edie,

I have fallen in love with a fantastic groovy handsome guy with one drawback. He's a Siamese twin. How can we make love with Him around?

Three Heads, Dalby, Queensland.

Dear Three Heads,

You have two choices. One is to slip the twin you don't want a micky and fuck all night, or you can get to know Him better. Two heads are better than one.

Dear Edie,

I am a sensitive new age guy but I find myself getting upset over my girlfriend's sexual kinks. She will only have sex with me if I wear a paper bag over my head. She says it's the only way she can orgasm.

Snag Bag , Glebe, N.S.W.

Dear Snag Bag,

If you were a sensitive new age guy you would bow to all of your girlfriend's demands. Think yourself lucky you are getting your end in.

I WAS PAINFULLY AWARE OF THEIR HEADS CLOSE TOGETHER...
IT STILL HURTS... AFTER ALL THIS TIME... SEEING HIM AGAIN... CALLING SOMEONE ELSE "SILLY LITTLE GOOSE"... STILL HURTS!

For any advice on personal matters, write to Edie's Agony Column, P.O. Box 199, Newtown, 2042. Utmost confidentiality and consideration will be shown.

LOVE
LOVE